Magazine of **THE** New Thought

NAUTILUS

SELF-HELP
THROUGH SELF KNOWLEDGE

AUGUST 1908



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

-EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY-
ELIZABETH TOWNE AT HOLYOKE, MASS

W. V. REUMA

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Nautilus News.

BY THE EDITORS.

MIRANDA'S STORY. Miranda Tate tells the story of her life, in Chapter VII of "The Way Out," which will appear in September *Nautilus*. She describes her conversion to new thought, through hearing a lecture and subscribing for "a little magazine." She gives good sized glimpses of the truth she found "at the bottom of the well." And then Mrs. Cooke goes on to picture in her interesting story the real "way out." It will help others as well as Miranda Tate. Everyone please read Miranda's story in September *Nautilus*.

"ABUNDANCE." This is the subject of Wallace Wattles' September article. Very appropriate that it should be printed in the harvest season. Those who read the article and faithfully practice its teachings will find it a means to increase and render more prosperous their business harvests.

"VISIONS." "Visions" and "spirits" are regarded from a variety of points of view. For instance, in the play at Mountain Park the other night the old gentleman was asked if he believed in spirits and replied, "Well, in moderation, yes."

We have a most interesting article by Mme. Aida de Nile on "Visions," which will appear in our September number. It deals first with the philosophy of visions and then details her own personal experiences which are more thrilling than any novel. I believe this to be one of the very best and most important articles along occult lines that has ever been published. Booked for September *Nautilus*.

"A WORKMAN TO THE GODS." This is the title of Edwin Markham's latest poem which is already set up with a handsome border design, for our September number. Then we have "Truth and Freedom," by W. R. C. Latson, M. D., which takes up the subject of the deep esoteric significance of some of the sayings of Jesus of Nazareth. All in all, we think you will like the September issue. Is *your* name on our list as a paid subscriber? If not, wouldn't it be well to subscribe NOW?

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(Continued on Page 2.)

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THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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"Medical Profession in Chaos"

SO SAYS DR. H. EDWIN LEWIS, OF NEW YORK.

[From N. Y. Times, July 2, 1908.]

In addressing the annual meeting of the American Medical Editors' Association, Dr. Lewis said in part:

"Pessimism and intolerance have been the dominant features of medicine during the last five years. The thirst for money, power, and position have possessed us, and under the spell of these dangerous intoxicants, too many of us have lost sight of our true obligations to our calling. In many instances we have discarded established facts for phantom theories, and worship of the laboratory fetich has caused us to sadly neglect clinical and bedside observation, and the glamour and fascination of surgery have blinded us to the possibilities of hygiene, diet and natural medication. As always happens when a revolution is under full headway, chaos seems to reign." Dr. Lewis is a very learned man; he is a writer and a close student of these great questions, and he has told the truth to this convention of medical writers. I quote Dr. Lewis for the purpose of showing that he is now urging the doctors to study and practice the very things (diet, hygiene, and natural medication) for which they brought criminal prosecution against me for practicing and advocating only a short time ago. I welcome the advanced doctor as a competitor. Relief of human suffering is a glorious field. I will help any doctor start next door to me who will advocate and practice scientific dieting, hygiene and natural medication. If you are sick, and your home physician is treating you by these natural means, all right—I commend his work, but if you are in the hands of a drug doctor you may get well in spite of his treatment. Surely not because of it. Don't risk your life and happiness by taking poisonous drugs.



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By JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D.

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Wherever Dr. Sears is known, either through her personal teaching, her lecturing or her writing, she is recognized as one of the strongest and most powerful exponents along New Thought lines.

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

"Book at hand! Good! Thank you."—Elizabeth Towne, *Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass. "Sane, definite and practical."—*Power*, Denver, Col. "The book teaches the highest optimism."—*Daily Herald*, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

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EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

TRUE MEASURES. A letter from "R. F. T." indicates to me that he "keeps right on failing" *all in his mind.* Other letters, from men and women, give forth the same cracked tone.

You think of yourself as a failure, while others look upon you as somewhat of a success. You belittle yourself and make yourself unhappy over small accomplishings that, made by your next door neighbor, would elate him with joy.

It is all in the way you look at yourself and your work.

Success is a manifestation of *joy in your work;* and your joy is evidently not in your work but in your hoped-for fame or hoped-for payment for work. You measure success by fame or money; when in REALITY success can be rightly measured only by THE JOY OF DOING.

Money and fame may *follow* success, but they are merely shadows, not measures.

Shadows may be short or long, you know, according to your relation to the sun. Or a cloud may temporarily destroy the shadow altogether. *But the substance and true measure of success remains*—THE JOY OF DOING YOUR BEST AND KNOWING IT IS GOOD.

JESUS SAID. Jesus said it this way: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven (the joy-kingdom within you) *and to be right with it,* and all these things (houses, lands, money, fame, etc.), *shall be* ADDED." Not as measures but as shadows.

Emerson said it this way:

"Man is the oak and wealth, the vine;
Staunch and true the tendrils twine;
Tho' the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dares wrong a worm.
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share?—on winged feet
Lo, it rushes, thee to meet.
All that nature made thine own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Shall rive the hills and swim the sea,
And like thy shadow follow thee."

TO HAVE SUCCESS. To have success quit seeking it. *Be it.* Get down to *yourself.* Down to *your* thoughts, *your* feelings, *your* desires.

Then express them as lucidly as you can in words or works. You will enjoy expressing them. *This is success.*

Now don't spoil your success (*which is your inner joy of doing* YOUR *best*—remember) by trying to measure your work alongside what *somebody else* does, or says, or pays you. Never mind the shadows!—hold fast this spirit of "Well done" within you. Or rather, *let* it hold *you. You* thought you did well—stand by *your* thought, first, last and always.



You did your work as well as you knew, and your spirit commended you. *This is success.* REMEMBER.

Keep on succeeding this way.

To paraphrase Epictitus or somebody —Success is within thee, a living spring, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.

Keep on doing *your* work in *your* way, putting *your* thoughts and feelings and best judgments into it, and getting *your* soul's *"Well done"* out of it.

This is the way to develop yourself, your work, your success. There is no other way. And in due time you will find money and honors added.

Added—*not* because *your* work is "just as good" as Theodore Roosevelt's, or just like Ben Lindsey's. No. *Because your work is like* YOU, the *only* work of its kind, the *best* work of its kind on earth.

The world honors and pays for originals well wrought out.

When a man tells me he has worked hard and faithfully and "keeps right on failing," I know he doesn't know success when he sees it. Instead of working out *his* thought and feeling and joy into his work he has been eyeing other people's work and trying instinctively to imitate it. This spoils his own work in a measure, and utterly destroys the *joy* of doing, which is the very essence of success.

"A brilliant piece of work once in a while"—and not satisfied? Good gracious!—do you suppose *anybody* does "brilliant work" right along every day? Never! Now don't go pointing to somebody else's work—*he is built just as you are, and travels the same dead level miles of effort with here and there a glorious inspiration.*

Get back to real success the *joy of doing* YOUR *best* NOW.

Everything else shall be added.

"ALL IS GOOD." "Can love ever make it true that *there is no evil,* that all is good, when we see the saloons crowding each other and the terrible results from them?"—C. R.

As long as one judges by appearances he can never see and feel that "All is Good."

Get down to the verities of life, to the things which are eternal, and it all looks easy.

Said Paul, "The things which are seen are *temporary;* the things which are not seen are eternal."

Then the things which are unseen are the important ones, and the seen things, the temporary ones, are made to express or conserve them.

LIFE is the unseen principle of man as of all creation below him.

Life more abundant, life growing and satisfying is the reason for all creation.

The *desire* for more life impels man in every action, every invention, every deed and every misdeed.

THE DEVIL'S RESERVATION. How is man's life conserved and increased? By growth in wisdom and in knowledge.

Ignorance is life's only enemy.

Ignorance is the devil, cast forth from heaven, roaming earth and losing it as the Indians are losing North America.

Saloons are the devil's reservations, the places where fool men guzzle and bloat and do-nothing themselves to death.

Before they die they see themselves as they are and desire freedom and *true* life. Then death wipes off the slate and, headed by the wisdom-desire gained in saloon experience, they emerge on a new plane of existence.



Thus with the hopeless drunk. Many a man gets his lesson and emerges on the new plane without death's assistance. Ignorance of the source and truth of life is cast out by wisdom gained through experience. The burnt child knows better than to expect life from hell-fire.

And the fact that men seek saloons proves they cannot learn the truth of this matter without the experience.

Saloons are the expression of an ignorance that cannot be cast out without experience of its effects. So saloons are for a time a "necessary evil," or a "good," or a "negative good." They help to kill off the stubborn ignorance-devil, drink. *You* don't need them and *I* don't, but there *are* people who do, *at this particular time and place.*

But we shall not always need or have saloons. They are kindergarten schools to teach us a certain bit of wisdom, which we are fast learning; and as we graduate we *shut up the schools,* by local option and state prohibition, just as fast as the still-ignorant will permit.

THE NEXT GENERATION. The next generation will see tremendous strides in this direction because—thanks primarily to the W. C. T. U.—we are teaching the young ones to avoid liquor and saloons. We are teaching them that not in drink, but in self-command, useful work, full-breathing, plain living and high thinking lies the more-life and more-joy we ALL are desiring and seeking.

Don't you see that evil *things* are mere temporary correctives to ignorance, that they serve the one end of making us grow in wisdom and knowledge, which constitute LIFE? And that they are all working together to awaken us to the good, the life-abundant *which every soul seeks?*

The evil things of the world are working together to answer your prayers and mine *that they be done away with.*

"Can love make it true that all is good?" Don't you see that love is all there is, is *the only creator,* and that all it creates must be for good purposes? Therefore evil is good for its time and place, and *the doing away with it is still good-er.* Just as tallow dips are good and the doing away with them still better. The world is full of all kinds of people, and some of them still *need saloons to teach them the truth about saloons.* You can trust the rest of us to regulate and prohibit saloons just as fast as is good for us all!

The same is true of every evil under the sun. The evil exists *to prove to man that there are greater goods.*

As soon as man learns his lesson the evil disappears.

VACATION. Summer vacations are something more than mere fashion. They are a growing necessity, born of the American temperament and mode of living. The man or woman who fails to vacation at least once a year can stand the strain for half a dozen years perhaps—with *decreasing power, radiance and enjoyment.* Then will come more or less of a physical and mental breakdown and an enforced vacation that will cost more than a dozen short summer vacations.

The number of vacationless years you can stand depends mainly upon the kind of work you do and how you do it. But no matter what the work or how you love it body and soul will surely rebel sooner or later against the *monotony* of

EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

the vacationless life. And sooner or later you will pay the bill.

A true vacation is a period of *complete* change and relaxation. Not necessarily a period of complete idleness, but *surely* a change and some idleness.

It is not work that kills us but the treadmill. William Taft boasts that he has had no vacation for years. But his whole time has been a vacation of travel and change. And if my memory serves me well, Mr. Taft has had one or two severe sick spells within eight years.

Sick spells are enforced vacations.

Vacation expenses are as necessary as grocery expenses, and should be provided for as certainly. If you are wise and not wealthy you will begin a year ahead to save for vacations, just as you do for taxes.

Maybe you did not begin in time this year, and there is no fund for vacations. Never mind—take the daily vacation at home.

First. Turn your work upside down and inside out and do it a brand new, different way, leaving out everything you can. Move your bed into a different room if possible; transpose all the rooms as much as you can; change position of all the furniture! Get rid of rugs, carpets, hangings, curtains and bric-a-brac. Eat as many of your meals as possible—plain ones—outdoors on porch or lawn, or in the woods or park. Paper plates and napkins. Make as much of a picnic of it all as you can!

Then comes *the* daily vacation. Take one full hour *every* single day, preferably after the noon meal, for your very own vacation. Do nothing in that hour that you don't *want* to do, and allow no interruptions from any source. The best thing to do is to undress and go to sleep; or rest in the park or in the hammock, and *let* the world jog on without you. Read a little if you like, but read something good and peace-inspiring. If you live ordinarily with little company some of these vacation hours can be well spent in visiting or attending lectures or plays. Do what you want to do in part of the vacation hours, and rest and sleep the balance of them. But mind, the things you "want" to do must be entirely different from the things you are in the habit of doing or this vacation won't work!

If you follow this daily vacation plan for say six weeks, you will be amazed to see how much easier it will be for you to think right, feel right and do right for a long time to come.

Any time in the year when you feel tired or irritable, when life seems hardly worth while, just stir things around a bit and take a few days of home vacation.

HOW TO RELAX. Most of our lack of enjoyment of life comes from monotony of work and consequent subconscious tension. Let out the kinks and life will smile again and work will be play.

Here is a good relaxation exercise given by Dr. McComb in *Good Housekeeping*. Use it at night and go to sleep on affirmations of peace and love. The same exercise will set you right any time of day that you find yourself feeling "all tied up." Here are Dr. McComb's directions:

> Just before retiring, sit on the edge of the bed, close the eyes and let the head drop slowly forward of its own weight, raise the head very gradually and let it drop back, then to the right side, then to the left. When in bed stretch, to the tips of the toes and fingers. Then drop all the tension and become as limp as possible. Feel that the bed is holding you. Raise one arm slowly a few inches with the effort in the shoulder joint, then let it drop as if it were a piece of wood. Repeat this



half a dozen times, then do the same with the other arm. Next draw up one knee very gradually and deliberately, then let it slide down with all the effort gone out of it. Repeat six times, then do the same exercise with the other knee. These are enough to begin with. Keep the eyes closed and the mind as nearly blank as possible while taking these exercises.

RAH! Rah for Taft!
Rah for Sherman! (*From the Allies.*)

Forty-nine riotous, roarious minutes for Roosevelt! (*By nearly everybody.*)

PRETTY DIVIDENDS. Up in the beautiful Berkshire hills politeness pays particularly pretty dividends. Street car conductors and such may do well to Take Notice. (All the nice polite Holyoke ones, please don't apply for jobs elsewhere. Politeness *might* pay that way here.)

One wealthy old lady in Pittsfield sat up and took notice of a street car conductor who was always specially polite to her. One day she said to him, "Come and see me about a better position than this." The result was he became her chauffeur. He kept on being polite. Now she is sending him to college, and he earns his incidentals by renting out himself and a big motor car presented to him by the wealthy old lady. And they say he still keeps on being polite.

Down at Great Barrington is another case. An elderly widow fair to look upon, with $7,000,000, came there and built a $1,000,000 summer home across the elm shaded street from the great Berkshire Inn—which Inn, by the way, offers as one of its attractions, "*No bar.*"

Up from New York came a score of decorators to put the finishing glories on the $1,000,000 summer home of the elderly widow with $7,000,000. Among them was a young man who did his work well and was kind, no matter how many whims of the elderly widow interfered with his plans. He was likewise good looking. The result came swiftly—when the house was finished, the elderly widow and the polite decorator were married and lived there.

I wish I could record that they lived happy ever after. They lived happy three weeks when the elderly bride died suddenly and the polite decorator inherited the home and the entire $7,000,000, poor fellow.

I say, "poor fellow" advisedly, for he seems to feel overpaid for his politeness, and has been trying to give the $1,000,000 home to the town of Great Barrington, which refuses the place because it prefers the taxes on it.

HER HEART'S DESIRE. This incident was told to me the other day by a new thought man whose name every reader of this magazine knows. It happened in his own family, and illustrates beautifully the "mysterious ways" Providence sometimes has to move in order to give us the desires of our hearts.

Little Mary is now eighteen years old and a college girl. She has been brought up to believe as her father does, that anything she really desires she can have; that the desire itself is proof of the possibility, and that all Mary has to do is to believe and she shall receive.

When Mary was about fourteen years old she discovered that her hair was very straight, while her father's was slightly wavy, and in Mary's eyes much prettier than her own.



"Papa, I do wish *my* hair could be wavy like yours," said Mary, many times.

"Well, Mary, you can have wavy hair if you want it. Have you ever yet desired anything you couldn't have?"

"No, I haven't and I *do* want wavy hair!"

Her father at first answered Mary half in fun. But Mary kept on longing for the wavy hair and speaking of it often. "It hasn't come yet, papa," she would say; and, "What you want is yours!" he would answer.

Then one day after a year or so of wishing, out of a clear sky, for she was a healthy, happy, normal girl, came brain fever to Mary. A very light attack, and in three weeks she was out again as good as new. But Mary's hair all came out, and the new growth was wavy as her father's.

Coincidence? Just happened so? Not at all. Mary attracted her heart's desire which came to her through the time-worn channel of brain fever and new hair. It came by the shortest, best known route. If she and her father hadn't come to really *believe* in that wavy hair, by constant affirmation, Mary's wavy hair would perhaps have been delayed to a future incarnation.

PAYING THE PRICE.

Do you see the way *you* can have your heart's desire?

First, affirm that it is yours.

Second, keep on affirming whenever you *happen* to think of it.

Third, be willing to pay the price.

If your desire is long in coming, it is either because you don't believe, or else because you don't want to pay the price of its coming any old way so it gets there!

Or else it is delayed because what you desire interferes with what somebody else has the right to; as in the case where two men desire the same girl for a wife. In that case you'd better affirm, "She will marry me *if it is best for us both;* if not I don't want her and she won't say yes, *but somebody better suited will.*"

You see, where *three* people are concerned you'd better trust the *Over-soul* to attract the two best suited at that time and place. This might delay your desire, but it will probably save much brain fever to all three.

When in doubt blessed are you if you affirm, *Not my will but the Over-soul's be done.*

For in the Good of All is wrapped up your highest good and happiness. And after all, this Desire for Highest Good is your deepest and most moving desire, the Great Desire which in self-defence sometimes thwarts your Wish of the Hour.

Instance.

There is no place for me but Here,
No time for me but Now;
If I from Here should stray away,
But in a circle winds my way:
Brought back upon this point I'll be,
To live this issue thoroughly.

Yesterday shall not weight my heart;
Nor shall Tomorrow draw me
By misty dreams and twisting schemes
To slack in what's before me;
This Moment, child of Yesterday,
And father of Tomorrow,
Though I must spend, I may not lend,
As I no time may borrow;
'Tis plastic gold, to shape and fold
Into a Joy from Sorrow!

—Florens Folsom.



Most Blest is He.

MOST BLEST is he, who in the starting time,
Sets forth upon his journey, with no staff
Shaped by another for his use; who sees
The imminent necessity for toil;
And with each morning, wakens to the thought
Of tasks that wait his doing. Never yet
Has unearned leisure, and the gift of gold,
Bestowed such benefits upon the young,
As need and loneliness; and when life adds
The burden of a duty, difficult,
And hard to carry, then rejoice, oh soul.
And know thyself one chosen for high things.
Behind thee walk the Helpers: Yet lead on—
THEY ONLY HELP THE LIFTERS: and they give
But unto these, who also freely give.
Not till thy will, thy courage, and thy strength
Have done their utmost, and thy love has flowed
In pity and compassion out to all,
(The worthless, the ungrateful, and the weak
As well as to the worthy and the strong),
Canst thou receive invisible support.
Do first thy part, and all of it, before
Asking the Helpers to do aught for thee.
For this alone the Universe exists;
That man may find HIMSELF IS DESTINY.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Written for The Nautilus.

"Stop—Look—Listen."

By Edward Earle Purinton.

The record price in literature is $1,000 for three words.

This is what the man got who wrote the sign for the railroad crossing.

He got it because he put the most life into the fewest words. Whereas literature as a whole either opens life out to a metaphysical araemia or presses life down in a metaphysical fever. The best literature makes us think least, feel most, and *act* our own interpretation.

"Stop—Look—Listen" is the text of my sermon. It's a borrowed text, but the sermon is mine and the application is yours. Every material fact, every moral principle, has its analogue each in the realm of the other; and the man who knows life is the man who can grasp both the symbol and the thing symbolized yet be swayed by neither.

The only kind warning is the one that puts us on the watch for ourselves. That this warning does. Every path of individual progress leads across some iron track of collective momentum, a track laid by society, inspected by law, and controlled by human prejudice. If we go on, we have to cross the track, and that's where the danger comes. The menace in radication is not in being radical but in being run down by the baggage train of race superstition. You don't dare be radical *until you own the ground on which you stand.* Progress has two endings—independence or martyrdom.

Now it's bad enough to be blind, deaf, and thoughtless while we still frequent the backyard of ignorance that the common people play in most of the time when not engaged in shining up the parlor furniture of hypocrisy. But the moment we venture out alone we enter on a period when safety means ability to stop, look and listen. And what makes so many reformers run amuck is that they have unloosed their powers before harnessing their perceptions. Ascent is by intuition, advance is by observation, sane progress is by both together.

What are the occasions for warning?

1. *The express train of heredity.*

The things that first threaten the advancing soul are the tendencies of human relationship. Obligations to our blood-kin, debts to our benefactors, responsibilities to our wards, trusts in our nature and peculiarities in temperament. These all imperil our progress and must be reckoned with before we speed on. The average man's whole attitude toward life but refers to some dent or mount or soft spot in his brain produced by the passage of an ancestral trait. Nothing annihilates us but what others gave us, nothing frees us but what others deprived us of.

2. *The freight train of environment.*

This is a slow train, but heavy enough and long enough to keep one's wits occupied. The onset of external conditions marks the pilgrim soul's first real encounter with fate. The chain or things that interpose themselves between us and our goal seems endless. But often these objects rest on a siding, and their coherence is so slight that with a little nimbleness we may easily pass between, crawl under or climb over. Environment loses force by appearing stationary in comparison with the speed of the soul.

3. *The local train of public opinion.*

This stops religiously at every station, and often between times to take on coal

or water. It hasn't any schedule so you don't know when it's coming, it's engineer is drunk so you don't know where it's going, it runs to suit itself, and it never, never hums unless to crunch some live stock it catches in its wheels. This is the measliest, dinkiest, smuttiest apology for a vehicle that runs on the tracks of society. It does worse than kill you, it blackens your remains so you're fit for nothing but a tearless inquest or a spiritual morgue. Anybody is justified in putting dynamite on the track when this train comes along, for the people it carries are all paralytics, and the shock may restore them if it doesn't kill them first.

4. *The mail train of shortsightedness.*

The first misuse of government is in holding to be sacred things that belong to it *because* they belong to it. A couple of brass buttons don't constitute destiny, but to look at a policeman, you would certainly think so. Now the mail train carries letters and parcels that make it *seem* more valuable than the human lives that must look out for themselves. But it isn't, it isn't. The temptation to *watch results* instead of *directing motives* is the first *subjective* menace in the onward path of the soul. We imagine that by sending our thoughts hither and thither, or addressing our energies to a given spot, we may observe just how and when and where our desire reaches manifestation. Not so. In the realm of spirit there is neither postal, service nor freight traffic. There is only wireless telegraphy that *does not see the arrival of its own message.*

5. *The sleeper of selfishness.*

This runs every hour, day and night, for no twelve-hour pace could accommodate the multitude of the morally somnolent. And our own souls are often abroad when we think they're inside of us. How many so-called "advanced thinkers" do you know who really want truth? I know perhaps a dozen out of several hundred personal acquaintances. Many want health, all want wealth, a few want sympathy, but those who want truth regardless of selfish gain are unique as the pyramids in a boundless waste of sand. There is no reward for the truth-seeker but to know that he faces the sunrise.

6. *The charter car of pride.*

To boast a special right of way is sign that it's time to put on the brakes. As soon as a truth belongs exclusively to us it ceases to be a truth at all. Only that is true which keeps us trying. And the one thing wholly unsafe is that which makes us too sure of ourselves. A man may be proud to serve a woman, a woman may be proud to guide a man, but neither when the states are reversed. When a man is proud of his children, or a woman proud of her work, then is when God smiles. We have a right to be proud of nothing but the thing accomplished *in spite of natural inclination.* And those who have this right are too busy to claim it. The credit of the man born under Mars is to be a great lover —not a great warrior. Virtue to the natural metaphysician consists in *doing* things. And the poet is saved by getting down to hard pan. Pride is but the royal robe of laziness.

7. *The hand car of triviality.*

This makes a lot of noise for its size, and roams abroad only when real trains are out of hearing. How many an idealist is maddened by the traction grate and grind of meaningless minutiae! As a choice between blindness and near-sightedness I would choose moral blindness; the blind at least have the use of their arms, but the near-sighted are forever adjusting their spectacles. Big things count just so far as little ones do not. The woman over-anxious and the man extra-precise will never write their

names on the scroll of immortality. Details are useful only as companions of dreams. And realization is mostly the habit of avoiding non-essentials.

8. *The wild engine of uncertified desire.*

Desire is always the motor of achievement, but deity must guide and control it. Desire of heart, brain or body is power gone astray, and likely to meet ruin. This we see in the case of those who call themselves Freethinkers, Freelovers and such other terms of liberty as end in license and reproach. Desire of soul alone for verity exclusive is the competent motive to conduct us wisely toward achievement. Because we think we want something is no proof we should have it; indeed most of the human sorrow that surrounds us is but reaction from enjoyment of a thing not really desired. We grasp for bubbles—and when they break we curse the sea. We chase the butterflies—and murmur when their powdered gold is left like dust on our fingers. We buy ourselves trinkets, to find in time of stress that they are only toys, while the wise of the world have been spending their resources for tools and housings. There is no waste on earth approaching that of effort in pursuit of the undesirable.

Now for the application, and this is the beautiful part of the sermon.

The right way to treat a danger signal is not to run away but to go prepared, and if everybody did that in a couple of days or so there wouldn't be any ill-omens left.

Whatever you are doing, thinking, feeling, wanting, hoping, planning, praying,—Stop. Stop and consider the lay of the land. Then *look* up and down the tramway of society, till you have seen all there is to see. Then *listen* equally for the rumblings of external traffic and for the whispers of inner aspiration. Stop with the body, look with the mind, listen with the soul. Make of *composure, observation* and *impulse* your oracular tripod. Then in the following manner compel fate.

Flag the first train, climb aboard, make friends with the conductor, and get carried free to your journey's destination. For the beautiful fact in all this metaphor is one we seldom recognize till we've stopped traveling, namely that each of these trains is a splendid vehicle built on a sound principle and capable of a record-run, only it's going in a wrong direction through the *switch of ignorance* onto the *side-road of compromise.* Study them all and you will see the good of each.

Heredity properly engineered turns to instrumentality, environment to *means,* public opinion to *self-respect,* shortsightedness to *ambition,* selfishness to *determination,* pride to *aloofness,* triviality to *perception,* uncertified desire to power. For in the end the thing that makes us pause hastens most our progress if we stop to secure the right of way.

Toleration is the greatest gift of the mind; it requires the same effort of the brain that it takes to balance one's self on a bicycle.—Helen Keller.

The Neophyte's Vigil.

MARCHESA FLORENCE ALLI-MACCARANI.

Prone on the ground before the temple gates—
Those awful gates where life or death awaits
The earnest seeker of the unknown light
Veiled by the darkness—lay the neophyte.
He recked not of the burning eastern sun,
Who sought for mystic light by daring won,
And piteously there echoed forth his cry,
"Give me the truth, the truth." Then suddenly
On desert breath a voice was borne, "Arise,
The gate's not closed, the pathway open lies.
If thou but knock—the darkness shall take wing,
And thou shalt see the light thyself shalt bring;
Who art thyself that light thou canst not see
Till to the inner darkness thou shalt flee!"
Straight he uprose, he crost the portals low,
And his bright aura light in roseate glow
Streamed from him on those gloomy temple walls,
So that he saw within the vaulted halls
The roofs of gold, the brazen traceries,
The arching columns, the fine porphyries,
The chiseled silver lamps, the marbles fair,
The incense rising in its mystic prayer,
The velvet carpets, the rich curtains where
Lay hid the jeweled shrines mid perfumes rare.
These were revealed to his rapt wondering gaze,
Who saw the mirrored light of his own rays,
And in the music of the silence heard
The echo of his own unspoken word.
And then outbrake his paean of victory:
"Lo! I have closed in passing, even I,
The mouths of all the lions in the way;
Those ravening lions that await their prey
Behind the temple gates—myself I am that strong,
Great dweller on the threshold I so long
Have feared to meet and I who trembling passed
The gates of death, the gates of life have clasped.
At last I know the initiate's ecstasy,
I shall not die—behold!—I shall not die."

Written for The Nautilus.

The Law of Opulence.

By Wallace D. Wattles.

Part II.

LEAVEN.

"Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of God? It is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened."

The kingdom of God is in nature like the leaven in the meal—in all and through all. It includes all nature, for God is the cause of nature; and when nature is perfectly natural, there is the kingdom of God in all its fullness. If God be the Mind of nature, then there can be no more perfect expression of God than in the naturalness of nature. The kingdom of God includes all life, for God is the Life itself; and when life is lived in a perfectly natural way, there is the kingdom of God in all its fullness; for there can be no more perfect expression of God than the living of life in a natural way. And this brings us to the question, how may life be lived in the natural way?

The living of life consists in continually advancing into more life. Drop a seed in the center of a field; the life in the seed at once becomes active; it ceases to merely exist, and begins to live. Soon it produces a plant, and a seed head, in which there are thirty, sixty or a hundred seeds, each containing as much life as the first seed contained. These fall into the ground, and in their turn begin to live; and in time there are a million seeds in the field, each containing as much life as the first seed contained. The life of the first seed, by the mere act of living, has increased a million fold. The living of life consists in continuously increasing life; there is no other way to live.

This necessity of life for increase is the cause of what we know as evolution. There is no such thing as evolution in the mineral world. Minerals do not advance or progress. Lead does not evolve into tin, tin into iron, iron into silver, silver into gold, and so on. Evolution is found only in the organic forms of life, and is caused by the natural necessity of life to find fuller and fuller expression. Life on this earth began, no doubt, in a single cell; but a single cell could not give sufficient expression to life, and so it formed a double celled organism; then organisms of many cells; then vertebrates; then mammals, and finally, man. All this because of the inherent necessity of life to advance forever into more complete expression. And evolution did not cease with the formation of man; physical evolution ceased, and mental and spiritual evolution began. Man, from the beginning, has been developing more ability to live. Each generation is capable of living more than the preceding generation. The race is continually advancing into more life, and so we see that the living of life means to live more. The action of consciousness continually expands consciousness. The primal necessity of mind is to know more, and feel more, and enjoy more; and this necessity of mind is the cause of social evolution, and of all progress. If we take conscious life—as we must—to be the highest expression of God, or of the Mind of nature, then the purpose of all things must be to further the development of conscious life; and if man is the highest form of conscious life—and he is—then the purpose of all things must be to further the development of man. And if the development of man consists in the increase of his capacity for life, then the purpose of all things in nature must be to further the continuous advancement of man into more and more of life.

Life finds expression by the use of things. The measure of a man's life is not the things he possesses, but the number of things he is able to use rightly; and to have fullness of life is to have all the things we are capable of using rightly. The purpose of the Mind of nature being the continuous advancement of man into more life, it must also be the intention of that Mind that every man shall have the unrestricted use of all the things that he is capable of using and enjoying rightly; or that "his own shall come to him." The purpose of God is that all should have life, and have it more abundantly. God is the Mind of nature, and God is in all, and through all; therefore the mind, or intelligence of God is in all and through all, like the leaven in the meal. The desire for advancement is a fundamental fact in the action of mind, therefore the desire for advancement is in all, and through all. All things desire the advancement of every man. If a man desires any good thing in order to live his life more fully, that thing desires him also. The mind of things responds to the mind of man, when man desires advancement. All things work together for good to those who desire only advancement. The greatest of all facts to us is the fact that there is a Mind in nature which desires us to have all the things we are capable of using, and willing to use, in the direction of fuller life, and that this Mind is in the things themselves, tending to bring them toward us; and that if we take the right course, recognizing this Mind and working with it, all things must come to us. But this Mind is the Mind of the Whole, not of a part; and if we lose sight of the Whole and enter into competition with our fellows for a part we lose all.

For competition for a part is virtually a denial and rejection of the Whole. He who recognizes and accepts the whole cannot compete for a part. It is the idea of competition for a limited supply which prevents us from seeing and accepting the Abundance which is ours. We still keep up the foolish struggle of Cæsar's kingdom, because we cannot see the kingdom of God, which is all around us and within us. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight," said Jesus. We do not get fully out of the ideas of the kingdoms of this world; we still do more or less fighting.

But how are we to avoid competition, when the whole business world is proceeding on the method of competing for a limited supply? How can we get work without competing for jobs? Can we succeed in a competitive world without competing? Shall we withdraw from the world, and form communistic societies? Certainly not. To try that is to fail. A communistic community is a body of people who do not compete with each other, but who do compete with everybody else. No community can be complete unto itself without greatly limiting its members in the means of life; and to do this is to defeat the end aimed at. And if it is not complete in itself, satisfying all its wants, it must compete with the outside world for what is lacking, and this is what we seek to avoid. No separation of a part from the Whole in any way, will solve the problem. The community scheme is inconvenient, unnatural and impracticable. Shall we establish socialism and the co-operative commonwealth? We cannot do it, because socialism and the co-operative commonwealth are things of the whole, and can only be established by the whole. In reality, the co-operative commonwealth can never be established; it must establish itself, and it may take it a long time yet to do so. We cannot do away with competition by legislative enactment of any kind so long as the majority of men believe in the limited supply; so we must keep right on in business under the present system, and yet cease to compete. Can we do it? Yes. But how?

Concentration, and How to Develop It.

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

CONCENTRATION, THE ESSENCE OF POWER.
—*Democritus.*



Of all the attributes of the mind, concentration is the most important. Without it the mind can do nothing; with it the mind can do all things. Concentration made the rough spoken priest, Luther, an illustrious reformer. Concentration made the coarse butcher, Cromwell, Protector of England. Concentration made Napoleon master of Europe.

A little boy, the son of a farm hand, was herding goats. "I am going to be Pope," he said; and in due time he became Pope Sixtus V. Disraeli in sleep dreamed that he had made Queen Victoria Empress of India. On awakening he proceeded to do it.

What power was it that made the goatherd of Montalto the most powerful potentate of earth, that made the obscure writer the greatest statesman of his century? It was concentration—merely concentration. True it is, as Helvetius says, "Genius is but concentrated attention."

"But how shall I concentrate?" asks some one. "It seems so hard." As a matter of fact, it is much harder not to do so—once you know. Concentration is not only an art. It is, also, happily, a habit. And once the habit is acquired, the matter takes care of itself.

"And how can I acquire the habit?" you ask. Even that is not so difficult as you think. Few things are really difficult—if you go about them aright.

Now in trying to acquire the power of concentration begin by ridding your mind of the idea that there is anything difficult or arduous or puzzling about it. On the other hand, it is easy. Why, animals possess splendid powers of concentration. Did you ever see a cat watching a mouse hole? How many things do you suppose she was thinking about? Just one, I venture to say. That's concentration. Did you ever see a well trained watch dog guarding his master's coat? That's concentration. And what animals can do so well, we humans surely ought to be able to do at least a little.

Now here's the secret of concentration in a word: "Make every detail a work of art." Do everything in the most accurate, artistic and efficient manner. How well can you wrap up a paper parcel? How quickly and neatly can you take a soiled pen out of the holder and replace it with a fresh one? How rapidly and accurately can you foot up a column of figures? Can you open a newly bound book in such a manner as not to injure the binding?

And so on. No detail is too trivial to be made a work of art. Make it such. Study it out; do it in the best possible manner; make that manner of doing it a habit; and that is the natural, rational and easy way of gaining the power of concentration.

In addition to this, special exercises in concentration are of much value. The following is one which I have found most useful.

Count one hundred beginning with two and adding three each time, e. g., 2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, etc. Or, beginning with two, add 6, 7, 9, 13 or 17 each time, e. g., 2, 8, 14, 20, 26, etc. Another exercise is to begin with one hundred subtracting

each time 3, 6, 7, 9 or 13, e. g., 100, 97, 94, 91, 88, etc.

Now, all this may seem quite simple. But unless you have already developed exceptional powers of concentration, you will find it quite difficult at first to hold the attention firmly to the task in hand.

Another valuable practice for concentration is to procure a number of cards upon each of which you write three figures, as 374, 892, etc. Shuffle these cards face downward. Then take up a card, expose its face for an instant, then call out the figures you saw. When you can do this every time with three figures, prepare some cards with four figures, as 56, and under that 73. Later you increase the number of figures indefinitely, and you will soon be surprised at your power to perceive and recall them.

The same plan may be followed by writing a list of words on the cards, beginning with two or three and gradually working up to ten or fifteen. Another good exercise is to get some friend to read a sentence or paragraph, which you then try to repeat from memory.

All these exercises, as you will notice, train not only the power of concentration, but also the perceptions and the memory.

The Art of Forgetting.

JESSIE L. BRONSON.

I had tried so hard to forget, and there were so many things to be forgotten, and I could not be either healthy, happy or harmonious without the forgetting. But *how?*

I had long realized that my body cells were but as shifting sands on the great plain of matter, mine to use for a brief time, then to be passed on to be used by other forms of life.

I knew that my life energy was only a part of an ever-flowing stream, passing through and on from one structure to another. I had understood that even my spirit was an inlet from the great ocean of the Divine Absolute, and subject to the influx of the Great Tides.

But somehow I had looked upon my mind as something peculiarly my own, an unmapped country it is true, whose topography was constantly shifting and changing, a surface whereon lines were being first graven and then obliterated, but yet a fixed quantity, an unvarying substance dyed by my own personality, whereon I might, nay must write my records and then erase them as I could.

But one day it dawned upon me that the same law that operated on the physical plane held good on the mental plane as well. I saw that my mind was a part of the universal sea of mind-substance, mine to use but not to keep.

There must be *circulation* in mind as well as body, exhalation as well as inhalation. And all this time I had been *holding on* to the old poisoned mind atoms, not dreaming that, as I breathe out body poisons through the lungs, so I could exhale these poisoned mind atoms to be expurgated and disinfected by the Divine Breath and stamped afresh with the coin-mark of Divinity. Mind-scars can be obliterated as well as body-scars.

So now I affirm:

Daily will I renew my mind,
Daily will I *forget* and *be happy.*

"Must."

ELEANOR KIRK.

If you put all your physical strength into a walk for the sake of exercise, or into the running of a machine or a job in sewing you are very likely to find yourself tired, depleted, and not to put too fine a point upon it—cross. You tell yourself and make yourself believe that these pieces of work must all be finished at an alloted time. There is something waiting immediately after and *must* is the word that rules your life.

Occasionally we meet a person who has no stents and who never seems to be doing anything who is not in the least wearisome. We are apt to hear these agreeable folk called lazy and without ambition. Not by me. Personally I have done some scurrying, but these still men have always had a soothing effect upon me as a shady tree in the country of a Fourth of July. Out of the heat and out of the noise and oh! so comfortable. I never knew any one not to feel better after being with them even though they were not exactly approved of as to ambition. There was just one thing they didn't do; they didn't tear themselves and everybody else to pieces with their housework, their philosophies and their creeds. There was rest in the air, and it was good.

Of course we have heard industry extolled ever since we were born, and sometimes somebody who has dared to sit when somebody wanted him to go, has seemed possessed of remarkable courage. To sit and apparently not feel the tension that was stretching about him, calm and seemingly even happy in the midst of what looked like troubles—that was both a revelation and an inspiration. Not so to many others. He must race to "get there" and constantly wonder if he is making his way into the kingdom of righteousness to be welcome to them. "Up and doing" is the motto and the dear folks get all worn out who are at work on the job, and other people get tired looking at them although they consider it the proper attitude and endeavor to do likewise.

Now I do believe that all this rush and worry about gaining a metaphysical status are not according to the verities. These folks don't take a mite of comfort, and the worst part of it is they don't allow any one else to. Friends concede that they have something of value, but it is so mixed up with prejudice and precise methods that it is impossible to glean much information. "Do as I do," they seem to say. "Keep going. Don't stop a minute, if you let go you are lost."

"Let go of what?" a gentleman asked one of these workers of discomfort.

"Let go of the knowledge of what you are"—this with a most astonished expression, "Well, what are you?"

"A child of God with a commission from the Most High to go out and heal the world."

"Do you ever take any time for your own refreshing?" was the next question. Our friend was a very plain spoken man.

"I should be afraid to need refreshing with my Father by my side," was the proud and serious response.

This "scientist" met her Waterloo like many another, and found that what she called her "no-account body" had to be taken into the case and lovingly reckoned with before she could resume her work with any kind of comfort or success. Their breakdown or whatever you call it was a great mortification to the supremely conscientious woman who

had steadily mistaken her own personal will for the will of the spirit. You see God is never in a hurry, and when we begin to jump around and grow disturbed because of the opposition or the unhelpable sorrow that we meet, we are off the track, and when we declare that our way is the only way and all must believe as we do or run the risk of cast-a-ways, the strain becomes unendurable and something has to give way.

These are pretty worthy machines of ours that we call our bodies, and that some of our number snub so lustily.

We know that the man we see is not the real man; we know that when we get through with these tabernacles of flesh they do not appear to be of much account, but whether we have used them ill or well they are all we have had to use. There have been almost as many theories about the body as there have been thinkers, and some of them have been to the last degree illogical and misleading. The Catholics who believed in excruciation have done awful penance and considered themselves ruled out of all creative comforts while passing through this to them, a literal vale of tears.

This leaven of belief in the necessity of suffering must have spread largely over the world, for we find it almost everywhere we go in greater or less degree, even among those who are endeavoring to accept a more liberal view of the theology of life.

It is mighty hard lines for those who adhere to a hard God, and it is no wonder that these foolish ones soon get rid of all the breath he has given them in the endeavor to locate Him. If they could feel just for a moment that this life which was loving them, the breath of the nostrils which he gave them was warm and tender and loving, the very quintessence of peace and joy, they would soon recognize their part and privileges in this happy kingdom and cuddle down into home.

"He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust."

That is what He does for you if you care to have it done. Take it as an exact promise—you who are tired and discouraged even though you try to hide the fact. Send me a little wireless in the morning as to its effect. I shall get it.

There is no one in the universe who says "*must*" to you. It is your own word which you have spoken to yourself. You spoke the word and it remained with you.

Drop it.

With Thee, Oh God, is Unity!

With thee, O God, is unity!
To us, who see but one small facet of one wee small gem,
There come but glimpses of thy One-in-All;
But still—as growing, we grow more like thee,
Perhaps we too some day
Shall know the All-in-One in its entirety,
And then, adapted, see the perfect beauty of it all
In Unity.

—Murray Sheehan.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XXVIII.

The Auric Envelope. Its Constitution.

When we talk about the Auric Envelope, which encloses the physical body in "a luminous ovoid mist," we are not describing something which is conjectured as possible or probable, but something which has been seen by many eyes.

Although to the large majority of people it is invisible, except under extraordinary and exceptional circumstances, all persons of refined and sensitive perceptions are conscious of a distinction in the atmosphere surrounding different persons. The presence of one is always calming; of another, often exciting when not irritating; the cheerful person radiates happiness and courage upon all; while others are more chilling than a wet blanket, and the impressions received are as varying as the persons.

This marked something which differentiates our fellows one from another is their personal atmosphere which forms the Auric Envelope extending from some inches to several feet around every human being. That the silent invisible world about us is luminous with the refined colors of the subtle ethers whose vibrations are streaming through and surrounding us, playing upon us ceaselessly, is a fact the proofs of which accumulate daily. When our sixth sense is developed, we shall all see these, and the color-sensitives, here and there—psychically developed persons who are phenomenal now and who see these colors—are merely *avant coureurs* of the evolution to which our race is marching onwards.

In growing more spiritual—and evolution must lead to this, it is the immutable Law—humanity will see through every thing, making clairvoyance normal. Thus matter will lose its density, because man will perceive the withinness of all things.

It is a familiar fact to many now that the colors vibrating in this invisible human aura betray beyond all question to psychic vision the nature of the life lived; for the aura is formed by subtle emanations from the Principles most active in the body, the vibrations of which radiate from its surface. When clairvoyance is universal, every man will stand unveiled in character before his fellows; for every thought, passion, and emotion is registered in his aura in unmistakable colors, and the seeing eye even now knows the man for what he is. There will then be no need for courts and judge and jury. Guilt will proclaim itself and stand confessed before those it has wronged.

Science is anticipating this era when Truth shall stand unveiled (and incidentally preparing the minds of men to receive that Truth graciously instead of doubting the testimony of their own eyes) through the invention of instruments of wondrous delicacy that ingeniously enact the role of Grand Inquisitor, but without putting any screws on defy man to conceal the nature of his thoughts, whether he be guilty or innocent, angry or calm, melancholy or gay, studious or idle. And all this, note well, is achieved through registering the vibrating currents of the *unspoken thought* as well as of the speech of the subject.

Moreover, that these thoughts take body and form as they are sent forth, is proved by Dr. Baraduc's clever use of the camera. He has seized upon the photographic plate the exact form of these invisible emanations radiating from the human being. Dr. Baraduc calls his

photographs, "Portraits of the Soul"; but it were better to recognize them as indisputable, permanent pictures of *all the activities* of the human subject, whether they be on the lowest physical plane or aspirations of the soul.

That the rays from the human being are further endowed with the mysterious power of radio-activity was proved nearly five years ago when Professor Goodspeed, of Philadelphia, made photographs in an absolutely dark room by rays from his own hands.

So, little by little, science is penetrating this invisible world of force; and every discovery but corroborates the Occultist's statements concerning these varying planes of consciousness whence every force emanates. The scientist is coming nearer and nearer to the *Tattvic* Law which underlies all phenomena. But it is most difficult for him to recognize that the external forces which act upon man—as the "waves" of light and of sound which stimulate sense perceptions —are themselves in turn acted upon,—that the thoughts, emotions and passions of man are so many vibratory "waves" of physical or mental force going out *from him to affect something somewhere!* For every thought arranges astral matter in definite forms, the *soul* of the form being the thought.

A very delicate, trained psychic sight is required in order to distinguish accurately—hence with authority—the various emanations in the human aura; but it is no uncommon thing now to be able to see the coarser vibrations of the lower sheaths and the five ribbon-like bands of Tattvic colors (from *Akâsha* to *Prithivi*) forming a layer next the skin, in which the geometrical forms of the vibrations flowing at the moment can be distinguished. These are beautifully and clearly described by Dr. Marques in his *Human Aura.*

Only as the clairvoyant develops personally the lower *Manasic* and Causal principles, is the psychic power gained to see the auras of these higher sheaths, for they are increasingly subtle and are alone visible to like refinement of consciousness. As psychic vision penetrates plane after plane, it is as if veil after veil were removed.

It is the desire aura, or emanations from the *Kamic* sheath, which extends from ten to twelve inches outside the physical body, with which the lowest grade of psychic sight is most familiar. This is referred to as the "Astral body" by Mr. Leadbeater (*Man Visible and Invisible*), and as it is composed of astral matter it is an astral body. But the intangible self that travels far from the body during life is the *Mayavi rupa,* or "illusion form." It is created by the intense thought of the person, and on occasions has been done unconsciously. Only adepts have the power to project this form at will, and they can endow it with strength and impart to it every appearance of tangibility.

Unfortunately, the term astral body has been used very loosely. But instead of any disagreement or controversy as to *which,* the Etheric double or the *Kâmic* sheath should be thus named, it were better far to understand that there are *different* astral bodies,—that the term is not specific. Mrs. Besant says: "Any body formed of astral matter is an astral body, but its properties will vary with the principles with which it is informed."

The astral world is the next one in refinement of matter to the physical world which normal sight cognizes. The separation, like the different sheaths of our bodies, is one of condition not of place. There are, so to speak, astral solids, liquids, gases, and ethers as on the physical plane we know best, but

all are finer. There is practically no limit to the subdivisions of matter by ever-increasing refinement of its atoms; and life is more highly vitalized, and form is ever more and more *plastic* as decreasing density presents less resistance to the thought-forces which continually change and remould it.

Etherial matter is astral, and the latter name was given because of the luminous or starlike brilliancy of its most refined states. The matter of the lowest subdivision of the astral world, corresponding to our physical, scarce deserves the name, but wanting a better distinction we must use it. To astral sight the astral world is visible; but to denizens of that plane there exist the same limits of condition as here, self-created through the mental activities which in selecting the materials used erect the wall of separation.

The fineness or coarseness of the *Kamic* astral body depends upon the emotions and thoughts that play through it during this physical life. In low states of development, desire, stimulated from without, rules both body and mind. Such persons are weak-willed, and are at the beck and call of every suggestion and impulse. They build strong *Kâmic* sheaths which furnish the plasma for enduring *Kâmarupas* of the grossest astral matter,—the most permanent astral body.

As the person increases in intelligence, if the *ethical keeps pace with the mental* development, self-control is gained and the activities of the life are prompted from within; thus finer materials are attracted, and the *Kâmic* sheath increases in size, becoming more distinct and stable. The vibrations of all Principles gain in refinement and purity when the mind governs desires instead of responding to the outward stimuli of the senses, and only then can evolution proceed apace. As we refine the vibrations of our different Principles we refine their constituent matter, and open to ourselves plane after plane of consciousness.

The Psychic, or lower *Manasic*, sheath grows exactly in proportion as the mind develops. With the growth of the higher capacities of the mind, the aura becomes a very beautiful, irradiating one, penetrating and extending beyond the *Kâmic* sheath. The all-pervading *Akâsha* is the medium, or atmosphere, in which the emanations of the several sheaths flow and intermingle; while *Atma* is both within and without, the force behind force in every vibration. Enveloping all, though limited by the self-development of the individual, even *Atma* is constrained by the medium, its density or rarity, through which it manifests.

Thus the aura is an absolute revelation of the divinity within. When it emanates from a radiant center nourished by a spiritually alive soul, it proclaims the purity and light within by the greater size of the separate auras, and by the transcendent radiance of the colors.

In reply to inquiries we append the following glossary of principal Sanskrit words used in Miss Fletcher's articles, compiled from Rama Prasad's Nature's Finer Forces":—

Tatwa—1. A mode of motion. 2. The central impulse which keeps matter in a certain vibratory state. 3. A distinct form of vibration. The Great Breath gives to *Prakrita* (the undifferentiated cosmic matter) five sorts of elementary extension. The first and most important of these is the *akasa tatwa;* the remaining four are the *prithivi*, the *vaya*, the *apas*, and the *agni* or *tejas*. Every form and every motion is a manifestation of these *tatwas* singly or in conjunction, as the case may be.

Tejas (or agni). One of the *tatwas*, the luminiferous (or sight) ether; its color, red.

Akasa—The name of the first *tatwa*, the soniferous (or sound) ether. In this everything is, but is not seen.

Prithivi—The oderiferous (or smell) ether.

Vayu—The tangiferous (or touch) ether.

Apas—The gustiferous (or taste) ether.

Prana—The life principle of the Universe and its localized manifestation; the life principle of man and other beings. An ocean of the five *tatwas*. The suns are the different centers of the ocean of *prana*.

Pranayama—The practice of drawing deep breaths, keeping the indrawn air inside as long as possible, then breathing the lungs out as empty as possible.

Samadhi—Trance state.

Sushumna—The spinal chord with all ramifications.

Religious Education For New Thought Children.

HELEN RHODES.

CHAPTER III.

CHILDHOOD FROM SEVEN TO TWELVE.

This is an unique period. At the close the brain is almost adult size and weight, and there is a peculiar endurance and resistance to fatigue. Reason, true morality, sympathy, love very slightly developed. Each period begins with a crisis or stress (of physical and mental upheavals) due to the difficulty of adjustment to a new type of life. Do not hasten and stimulate development, nature will do her best if given sunshine and the warmth of love.

Beginning at seven physical endurance is less than at six. The emergence into a new life disturbs the entire mental area and there is lack of power to focus and depression in both the circulation and the nerves. Instincts appear in a certain order as shyness, secretiveness, lying, and if not noticed unduly, die out; each is an attempt at adjustment. The child revels in savagery, corresponding to a remote human infancy in racial development. He must live out in a very brief way the life of the race in hunting, fishing, tenting. The deep strong cravings must be met by tales of heroic virtues which the child can appreciate and satisfy by proxy the instincts of the world's childhood. Tell him of field, forest, hills, water, flowers, animals.

Book reading is distasteful. They cry for a more active life, so stories, nature and play are the strongest weapons today in developing moral life. Froebel says, "Story telling is a real strengthening spirit bath." This the age of truancy and runaways. The various elements for a symmetrical life demand recognition. Professor Stanley Hall says that a knowledge which does not develop a motor side is monstrous. The child prefers rude playhouses of old boards and scraps and tents to a well-built playhouse. The latter is too complex, unimaginative, dead. The virtues of this period are courage, self-control, loyalty, bravery. The power of expression is expanded through stories and children should early be trained to retell stories. Pure language and literary taste is thus stamped upon the mind. Interest in story telling rises till twelve or thirteen, then he reads for himself. Love for animals is best from seven to fourteen. The inquisitive period of breaking toys and tearing things carries over into this period, as understanding life and nature which later becomes mind and heart hunger.

From the first period which demanded simple obedience we arrive now at the point of the reasonableness of obedience when stories may be discussed, and commands explained as different natures may require.

This period has two divisions: seven to eight and nine to twelve. The first is a continuation of the story period, the second is the beginning of the history period. The centers of time and space are just awakening. Do not attempt abstract reasoning nor analogies, they cannot pass from the objective to the spiritual likeness, that mental process develops later. The activity of the child is fancy; spiritual truths are hidden in stories, the myth is still the path to truth, not a goal. In the infancy of the race God was interpreted as demanding obedience. The command in Eden was without reason, so were the laws at Sinai. From the simplest fairy stories and myths which illustrated the all good and all bad fairy, we carry over to stories of fairies partly good and partly bad to develop reason, still keeping to the simplest forms.

CORRECTION—In July article, page 15, second paragraph, should read "Genesis 1-2: 4a."

Also in same paragraph read "Psalm 104" instead of "passage."

Same page, last paragraph, should read "Genesis 2: 4b—2: 25."

The Biblical material for this period is enormous. For the first period, seven to eight, belong the story of Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, Paul, Jesus, but DON'T EXPLAIN them. Forget your theological antipathies and tell them as good stories and fit material to try the soul on. Do not attempt it as history. From the stories of God caring for all nature we pass to His caring for Moses, Ishmael and Hagar, from caring for one to the care of many—of Israel in the wilderness, and to unseen helpers of Elisha at Dothan. Of Naaman, Peter in prison, Joseph, the separate units in life of Abraham. The sacrifice of Isaac is rather of historical than ethical value and belongs to the period of research in comparative religions. From eight to nine is known as one of the distinct running away periods. Here begins the interest in stories of great personalities for he is beginning to find content in definite moral interests. You will never again have the chance to enrich his mind with truths tied to stories. Never tag a moral to your story, involve it and do not drag it to the front, let it float in the consciousness and thus be far more effective than focussed in the objective mind. The "once upon a time" is a charm no child can resist. Don't pick the story to pieces with explanations, let it sleep in the child's consciousness to unfold according to the perceptions and companion them. The Bible stories are marvels of simplicity, and the child can fill in between the lines. God should be represented in all stories as perfect in character, according to Christian ideals, regardless of the partial ideas attributed to him in the traditional forms of the stories. The miracles belong here as stories.

From nine to twelve the myths give way to history. Fancy declines and facts are wanted. This is the initial stage of adolescence. Great changes occur in the nervous system. He is easily disturbed and most fights occur at this age. The group instinct is strong. The child longs for companionship. The symbolical has great influence as it gives opportunity for the child to interpret according to emotions and ideals. The time and space, brain centers, are now awake and develop together. This means history and geography. Now is the time to lift a powerful ideal before the mind, for the child loses himself in pioneer experiences. Begin with Abraham leaving Chaldee. Remember the Bible is the autobiography of the Hebrew nation, and not all they did is of value to the child, so learn to OMIT. Distinguish the character of its literature, and keep the divisions of MYTH, LEGEND, FABLE, HISTORY distinct. Carry the history of Israel through the Exodus, Conquest, Kings, Exile to Herod, and supplement with stories of Paton, Eliot, Brainard, Livingston, Alexander Mackey, Carey, Duff, Hamlin, Jessup. To deepen the spiritual life one must know the noblest religious literature. It is superficial to display familiarity. with the Vedas and be ignorant of the masterpieces of the Bible. Prayer should have been a part of the child's life from the kindergarten. Professor James calls prayer "Commerce with God"; Dawson, "The forgotten secret." It energizes the moral life and has the same claim to reality as wireless telegraphy has for believing reality back of it. The law of affirmation and suggestion cannot be understood by the child. It is a great problem as to the morality of its use by undeveloped natures of any age. If the thought matrix draws to itself materials for manifestation, the law operates for bad as well as good, and we have great need to produce character before self-seeking interferes with moral growth. Before one creates an object the foundation principles of the uses of tools are learned. Reason is the very last faculty to develop, and is the sum total of all experience and cannot be used by the mere child. Appeals to him must be made on the plane of his experience.

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By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

"Aren't you awfully behind time?" hailed Miranda Tate cheerily, to Virginia who stood wringing her hands on the little front porch, not knowing in which direction to turn.

"Yes. Oh, Miranda, I want you to carry word to the mill that I can't come this afternoon. Frank's in—he's in trouble, and I've got to see about it."

"All right," the girl called back over her shoulder. "They'll put a substitute on for you. I've got Biney Meal tending my looms, and when I get there to take them myself she can look after yours, if you want her to."

So it was arranged. The work at the factory came first; through life and death, through disgrace and trouble, you must not neglect your looms, or you would lose your job. She looked about her stealthily and found that Hugh O'Meara was gone. The little settlement of frame shanties had taken on that strange, deserted air it always wore during work time in the mills. More than half the houses were locked, and the streets were empty. She unlocked her own door and went in to make herself tidy and wash the traces of tears from her face. Then she hastened down to the primitive jail which had been contrived out of a disused church building.

She was not allowed to see Frank, but the jailor told her that a gentleman had called and promised to pay his fine when the case should come up in the morning.

"We have obliged to keep these boys in jail over night anyhow," the man, not without some rough sympathy in his tone, told her. "They're gettin' so bad up there around the cotton mill that we have obliged to give them a lesson. If you mothers would do your part we wouldn't have little fellows less 'n ten years old in jail and up to be fined. That's where the thing is—you women folks don't raise 'em right."

Virginia clung to a chairback, very heart-sick and wretched. Of what use was it to explain to this man that she had brought her boy up carefully till Kinney made such a mistake and fetched them all to a town—a cruel, low, contaminating cotton-mill town—where she had to work all day and could give her children no attention? She turned and went out silently, forgetting to ask about the man who had promised to pay Frank's fine. Halfway home she wondered if it could be that Kinney had heard the news and had gone down to do what might be done. She decided that this must be it, for she was very sure there was no other soul in the village of Kesterson who could or would have done as much for them.

When she reached home it was so near quitting time that she didn't think it worth while to go to the factory, but set about some half-hearted preparations for supper. Frank was in jail. He was her only son, Francis Lee Preston, descendant of a long line of honest, honorable men, and her brother had managed so badly that this child was in jail for chicken stealing before he was eleven years old. She wondered what Kinney would say when she told him of it. It gave her a sort of dreary satisfaction to imagine his self-condemnation, his self-abasement before the results of his mismanagement.

But when six o'clock came it brought only Mary Lou, stumbling home from the factory in a chill.

"I don't know where Uncle Kinney is," the girl chattered. "I didn't see him when the mill turned out. No, I didn't hear anything about Frank. Oh, mother, let me get down on the bed. Everything just heaves and moves around me like it was an earthquake. At first I thought the factory was falling down, but I hung on till quitting time. Oh, my head—my head aches so awfully!"

Virginia hurried to undress the child and get her into her nightgown and to bed. The tall, slight young figure—Mary Louise was already her mother's equal in stature—was shaken with acute rigors. Fear-stricken, Virginia ran to the kitchen and heated bricks and sad-irons, to pile about the shivering form.

"Are you cold, dearie?" she would inquire.

"Yes—no—I don't know, mother. One minute I feel as if I was burning up, and the next I'm nearly frozen. Oh, those hot things do feel good! No, I couldn't eat any supper."

For three hours Virgina worked skillfully over the sick girl. Her husband had died of pneumonia, and it began with a chill like this; the impress of that terror was deep and permanent. In hopeless anticipation she saw a brief, violent illness, the coffin brought into the house, and her daughter carried out to lie in that little cemetery where she and Kinney had held their Christmas-day talk. What was it Mrs. Scomp had said—better put a girl into her coffin than to put her into a cotton mill? It was not so. All the fierce mother-love in her rose up against such an idea. It was a mother's place to see that her children had their chance at life, that they had an opportunity to round out the cycle of human experience, which is surely what we are sent here for. To think that this poor little broken bud of womanhood should never know what life and mating were, should never have children of her own to care for—oh, it was too hard!

And back of all this, her strained attention always harkened for the sound of her brother's returning footsteps. When Kinney came she would send him for a doctor. Then somebody stumbled into the kitchen, knocked things about there with a great clattering of pots and pans, and tried to slip quietly through the little passageway that led from it to the small bedroom. Virginia heard the sound of a body falling upon the bed, and after that all was silent.

After a few minutes of waiting she got up, and taking the little kerosene lamp, went to the door. Yes, it was Kinney. He lay face down upon his bed, already snoring heavily. She went back and set her lamp down, at a loss for the moment what to do. He had been drinking before, but this time he was drunk. Suddenly she walked quickly into the little room, caught him by the arm and shook him.

"Kinney!" she called, shrilly, "Kinney, wake up! Frank's in jail, and

Mary Lou is very sick. I want you to go for the doctor."

The man on the bed stirred, turned and blinked up at her in the light from the open door. "Who said Frank's in jail?" he inquired thickly.

"I did. But that's not the question, Mary Lou's very sick and I want you to go for the doctor."

"All right," said the man sitting up on the edge of the bed and taking his head in his hands. "Just as you say. Did you ask me to go somewhere, sister?"

"I want you to go for the doctor," repeated Virginia with desperate emphasis.

She turned and left him, and in five minutes when she returned she found him lying asleep on the bed. It was of no use. There was no help for her. She went to the sick child and noted her breathing fearfully. The breath seemed to catch in the throat and gurgle as each inspiration occurred. Virginia kneeled down beside the young sufferer and took hold of one slender, hot hand. Mary Lou's eyes opened and she stared at her mother, but there was no recognition in the gaze.

"I want some water, Aunt Belle," she whispered. Aunt Belle, the negress, had taken care of both children back on the plantation.

Virginia got the drink and held the sick girl while she sipped a little. Then she laid the light form back upon the pillows and kneeled once more beside it, staring across at the flame of the little lamp. Her boy was in jail. Kinney was drunk in the other room. Without the doctor Mary Lou might die, for all she knew. Out of the very desperation of her affairs came a sudden demand for help. First was the anguished inquiry as to how she had come to this pass; and after it, kneeling on the bare boards and staring at the little lamp, she said to herself:

"I can't go on like this, I've got to have help from somewhere. Where will it come from? It's too late for me to make right the mistake that Kinney was guilty of when he brought us to this place. We're here now. We could no more get out of the situation we are in than people lying at the bottom of a well."

At the bottom of a well! She stared hard at the flame, her whole soul concentrated on that one thought of help, of uplift, of something she could do. At the bottom of a well—that was where people said truth was!

The wind rose outside and tried mightily at the four corners of the house. Sometimes it seemed to lift the poor little frame shack bodily and drop it with a shudder. A fine mist which had hung over the village all day was driven through every crevice and joint of the inadequate structure, so that though the temperature was not really very low it was piercingly cold. But Virginia did not rise from her knees to replenish the fire. Mechanically she covered the sick girl closer, and continued to stare at the lamp flame, which widened and contracted before her self-hypnotized gaze.

Out of its heart she saw herself step as a child, imperious, spoiled, dominating her family by her wilful charm, the graciousness of a heart which really loved much, making it possible to put upon all who came near her the burden of a domineering will. A nature like that ought to have supported and defended others as well as ruled them. She saw herself marrying at sixteen a young fellow to whom her parents strongly objected, on account of his youth, his incompetence, his careless, idle bent.

Then came the return to her home, with both parents gone, Kinney the only one she had to look to, and the peaceful period before the disaster robbed them of

the plantation. In those years she had been the happiest, she had shown at her best—and why? She was in charge of something, furthering an enterprise at which she could do work. Her house was well kept, her butter and chickens commanded higher prices in the market than other people's, because they were finer.

If she had chosen to she might have laid up money then against a time of need. She remembered that Kinney had suggested this, and that she had bought a piano for herself and Mary Lou, and put the balance of her earnings into dress. If her brother had done that, now, would she not have condemned him in unmeasured terms? What was the difference? To be sure Kinney was a man and she was a woman, but after all how many times had she said—and he acknowledged—that she had the better business head.

And suddenly, as she ever afterward believed, the truth was revealed to her as directly as it was to Moses on the mount of the tablets and the burning bush.

The whole horror of her situation had come through striving to push her burdens of responsibility, of decision, of blame, upon the shoulders of others. Truly the Bible says, "Bear ye one anothers burdens," but it never gives us permission to thrust our burdens on others. If, in the first place, she did not think Kinney should have brought them to Kesterson, it was within her province to have sought and found somewhere else to go. If she believed, as she continually asserted to herself and to others, that she knew better than her brother how to manage practical affairs, it would surely have been possible for her any time to assume the leadership and dictate the policy. Might she not indeed have made as many mistakes? Had she attempted to make the best of such errors as were made, or had she not insistently made the worst of them? How about Frank's being in jail? Who was really responsible for that? She had been telling herself that Kinney was, because he had brought the children to a cotton-mill town. Was not she responsible when she let the boy be brought here, and after he was here made no strong, motherly attempt to guard him with her love?

And Mary Lou—if the child died, was not it her mother's fault? How dared she let her daughter labor day in and day out in the factory if she believed it as deadly as she said she did? She had wondered why Kinney could bear the responsibility when he saw the failures he made; and when the thing came home to her at last, and she got the responsibility where it really belonged, she put her head down upon the ragged coverlet beside the sick child, and the blackness of darkness went over her.

A stir beside her bowed head roused her, she looked once more at the lamp flame, and it seemed to glow with a new light. Perhaps she was self-hypnotized, but at the moment she only said, in a voice which may have been audible or may have sounded merely within her own soul, "I must have help. Somebody must come and help me!"

As if in direct reply to her call a woman's voice sounded out of the windy night and some one rapped on the door. When she opened it she found Miranda Taite on the step.

"You sent for me, didn't you?" the girl asked a little breathlessly, peering into the room. "I was sitting reading, and I felt you call me just as plain as if I heard your voice. What's the matter? Is Mary Lou sick?"

For answer the overwrought mother clung to the strong newcomer. "Oh, Miranda, I'm so scared. Frank's in jail and—and Kinney's——he's in the next room, but he's not well. Mary Lou's

so awfully sick that I'm afraid she's going to have pneumonia. Her father died of it. It scares me to death when anyone I love is threatened with it."

Miranda Taite came and felt the pulse of the feverish child.

"You mustn't be frightened by her temperature," she said cheerily. "You know sick folks have fever, just because the things that make them sick are being burned up and consumed. The fever will do her a world of good. I hope you've not tried to get her to eat anything? She's better off fasting. I don't think she's going to have anything but the grip, Mrs. Preston. I guess you've all had it but her, and you know it's catching."

"But we didn't take it with a chill this way," objected the bewildered Virginia. "I just had a hard headache and felt miserable and had pains all over."

"But you might take grip with a chill —lots of folks do. She won't have pneumonia if you give her good care. What did you say was the matter with Mr. Lee?"

Virginia looked at the girl whom she knew very well her brother loved, and she tried for a moment to keep up appearances.

"He's—he's not very well this evening," she faltered.

But nobody could long be untruthful to Miranda Taite. There was such an outflow of love and frankness from her that those with whom she was associated inevitably reflected both back again.

"Did you tell me Frank was in jail—in jail?" she asked incredulously.

Virginia covered her face with her hands, and between sobs told the girl the whole story.

"It's all my fault," she concluded. "If I wanted to train my boy right I should have kept from showing temper, and not called him a thief when he took food from the cupboard. The Lord knows he never thought, at home on the plantation, that he could take enough things to eat to make any inconvenience to any one! If I ever get him back again and get a chance to do the right thing by him, he shall have a mother who would sooner call the minister a thief than call her son by such a name. Oh, I've done wrong—I've done wrong, when I imputed such things to my child! I remember Kinney told me once about a saying of yours on that subject—and I made fun of it!"

"Never mind that," returned Miranda, bending suddenly to kiss the cheek of the weeping woman. "Some of the things I say sound right foolish to other people. My mother just declares that I'm a little crazy, but I can tell you, Mrs. Preston, you're exactly right about your boy. If you train yourself mighty carefully you won't have any trouble with Frank."

As the two women talked, the man in the next room had wakened and stolen to the door. He now hung there, peering through the little crack that he had opened, sick, dazed, and miserable, staring at Miranda Taite. At first he did not pay much attention to what she was saying, he was only penetrated through and through with a sense of shame and failure, with an unspeakable thirst for the beauty, the strength and womanliness of this girl. Suddenly her words arrested his notice.

"Is Mr. Lee really sick, or has he been drinking again, Mrs. Preston?" Miranda inquired as unemotionally as though drinking were a common ailment like grip.

Virginia nodded and wiped her eyes.

"I wanted to keep it from you if I could," she said chokingly. "He sets so much store by your opinion. But I can't help it. He's worse tonight than I ever saw him in my life. I reckon he's not worse than I'll ever see him, though.

When one of the Lees gets at it, they just drink themselves to death."

Miranda Taite smiled — actually smiled! "I don't think Mr. Lee 'll drink himself to death—he isn't that kind of man," she said easily. "He's just a little discouraged, and has made the false move of trying to get comfort out of a bottle. You'll see that prosperity will cure him quickly."

"Prosperity!" groaned Virginia, "There's no prosperity for us, I'm sure. And Kinney is the dearest and best brother in the world—I'd do anything to help him, but I'm afraid it's no use."

"Oh, he won't drink," returned Miranda Taite, still with that easy air of confidence. "One of these days he'll find something that he likes better than he does his bottle, and then he'll throw it away. Come, Mrs. Preston, help me with these hot cloths, and we'll get Mary Lou into a sweat, and then in the morning she'll be almost perfectly well. I've done it often for people where they've taken the grip violently like this. We'll heat her up and rub her thoroughly, and she'll do the rest for herself."

Soundlessly Kinney Lee closed the crack in the door. He was perfectly sober now, and for the moment full of despair. Then Miranda's face came back to him, and her heartsome cheery tones. He would find something he would care more about than his bottle? Well, he had found it. Instead of taking the drink he so craved, and which indeed he had got up to take, he stepped to the back door and flung that bottle crashing out among the weeds.

Phyris, Phylos and Phrena.

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.

Chapter VII.



A silk necklace and remarkable stone talisman. In a message from the distant South. "He, whom the mind alone can conceive whose essence eludes the external organs, even He, the Soul of all beings shown forth in person." After reducing chaos to order, the age of mind is ushered into being thus: "From the Supreme Soul He drew forth mind, existing substantially, though unperceived by sense; immaterial; and *before* mind, or the reasoning power. He produced consciousness, the internal monitor, the ruler." From the Laws of Manu, Aryan Hindu, Book I., B. C. 1500, the base of all Aryan laws. "The Supreme Spirit attracts to Itself him who meditates upon it, as the loadstone attracts iron." From Vishnu Purana, p. 57, Aryan Hindu. Phyris found a necklace of exquisite silk and refined in texture lying across the pages of an open book treating occult things. The ends were joined in a band of gold; and to a ring was attached a talisman of strange appearance, one of vast antiquity. But the neckband was not there ten minutes before, for she was then reading the work. The color of the silk was different from any she had ever seen, a peculiar shade of yellow. It was the true esoteric color of all ancient adepts, always worn by Hierophants in the great temples of Pan, Peru, Palenque, Mitla, Meroe, Thebes, Memphis, Arsinoe, Jerusalem, Babylon, Bactria, Iran and all India for many centuries, in every temple service. This

heavy silk fabric evidently was not made in either America or Europe; the art of weaving, in that pattern, being unknown to modern peoples. The shade of color was symbolic of Nature's refined forces. Here I might branch off into familiar fields and write a book on colors, their influence, and upon their charming and fascinating symbolism during all ages, for the elaborate spectroscope is only a few feet away. The mission of that lovely instrument is to revel in the universe of colors. It fills the observatory with floods of gorgeous and rich colors when turned on the sun, not omitting one of the almost infinite number of tints and hues, beautiful beyond imagination.

"Are not gross bodies and light convertible into one another? The changing of bodies into light, and light into bodies, is very conformable to the course of nature, which seems delighted with transmutation." Newton. "Light is polarity of corporeal needles in solution in etheria." Oahspe, p. 570, verse 35.

"Uranium changes to radium and radium to helium." Sci. Am. Supp. No. 1687, p. 282. That is, radium shoots out corpuscles which can easily be seen as bright light. The mystery is, Oahspe calls these, needles. I am tempted almost beyond resistance to write about light and its subtle effect, but there is a greater than light, namely—mind. The talisman was occult beyond comparison and later led to astromical determinations of supreme importance. In chapter first it was stated that Phyris always wore white while at work training in psychology, the only color worn being a ribbon of violet around her neck. All this was for a good reason to be revealed. She put on the yellow necklace with its pendant talismanic charm. She did not look like an Egyptian, Aryan, Hindu, Thibetan or Tlascalian. After persistent study and research, she was finally prepared to be told that she is a direct descendant of the race once dwelling on the prehistoric, but now submerged continent, Pan, in the bottom of the Pacific ocean, between the two Americas, Asia and Australia. The Polynesian islands are the tops of the Panic mountains, plateaus and uplands, still standing above the waves. The combination of occult colors had the striking effect of bringing out her Panic features. She appeared to become another being of most majestic mien, impressive in a radiation of intellect. But the wondrous talisman soon began to emit a soft pearl colored light, tinged with exquisite violet, pink and yellow. The occult object was concentrating the magnificent aura from round about the head and shoulders. She looked down upon the splendid jewels on her breast, saw the amazing light; and then became so intensely fascinated with the silken band and stone, that she seemed to be oblivious to all externals. In the first chapter, it was stated that Phyris is an Atlantean descended from the sunken continent in the Atlantic ocean. How the mistake in her identity was made, and its detection by means of the talisman, constitute one of the most startling episodes of the Western hemisphere, and will be explained in detail. I must state a few things in advance, in this story. Phyris has been in the constant care of Adepts of The White Lotus during all the time from nine months before her birth until now. They have taught her telepathically all these years, brother after brother, from many parts of the world. Having so many different mental managers accounts for her versatile mentality. The Adepts saw a store of *latent* mental faculties in the mind of the mother of Phyris, who was a descendant of the Panic race, so they took her in charge three years before the birth of her daughter and awakened every dormant psychic power. The father of

Phyris is an American, but he was born in the southwestern corner of the United States, a significant fact for Southern California once had to do with the people of Pan. In his youth, he visited the ancient temple on Catalina Island, thirty miles south of San Pedro; and the vast ruins of the amphitheater where in the ages of antiquity the Catalineans played games similar to those of the classic Greeks. He saw the symbolic paintings which still exist, but they bear no similarity to the symbols of the continent. When he saw the talisman, he at once remarked to Phyris that he had seen something like the writing thereon, in the ruined island temple. The wise brothers sent him mental suggestions during two years before the birth of Phyris. Twenty years after, the Lotus Adepts mentally forced him to build the maze for his mystic daughter in which to keep her secure from intrusion, for these wise men watched her from afar and cared for her with greater tenderness than she cared for the most delicate flower in the maze. They suggested to her mother all details of training and education, which were given at home. Josephine Kirtland was her only intimate girl friend, and they loved each other intensely. Her tutors were always under the eye of some brother in Asia, Australia or Europe.

All for a mighty purpose. And the Adepts took good care to impress both Phyris and Phrena of "mighty works to come," and the time is now about propitious for the fulfillment and completion of the great plan.

Three Adepts, one from Benares, India; one from a hut, near the temple at Denderah, Egypt; and the other from the site of the Oracle of Dodona in Greece, will come to the maze soon and take charge of Phyris. Each, in turn, will induce in her well-timed hypnotic states and make intense mental suggestions that she summon all her powers of introspection, peer into the deeps of antiquity, and write, or speak the history of the people of the continent, the long submerged Pan. Phyris is the only person now living having synchronism between the objective and subliminal minds who has stored in the submind, the occult wisdom of the race of Pan. This is because for centuries, all the women in her ancestral line were high priestesses in the national temple of Pan, the most magnificent structure ever reared by human hands. It was on a mountain, having such orientation that streams of light during the nights of five thousand years came into its adytum, the very Holy of Holies, from the colossal star Canopus, in the southern sky. Wisdom arcane is reposing in the mind—Phrena, awaiting to be awakened by that mystery profound, the hypnotic spell. Think of the possibilities; Phyris may reveal what mind is; she may speak out the primordial root words of human language. She may articulate the long-lost Omnific word, and tell us what the Logos is. A revelation is on the verge of being made. What will Phyris say?

Don't Be Blue.

Tho' some clouds obscure your view,
Tho' your guerdons be but few,
Tho' the world may seem untrue,
Don't be blue!

There are blessings to review,
Time Hope's rainbow will renew,
God will keep his pledge to you—
Don't be blue!

—Susie M. Best.

Clairvoyance and Auras.

By J. C. F. Grumbine, B. D.

Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature and Arts, London, England.

Under this general head six specific topics are discussed. They are concise, practical lessons on the realization of the Clairvoyant vision and how to see auras. Auras emanate from both persons and things. These lessons are for the old and young. The subjects are:

1. A Power supernormally Active.
2. How To See Clairvoyantly.
3. The Aura, Its Colors and Influence.
4. What Colors Mean.
5. Divination.
6. Crystal Reading

Lesson III.

The Aura, Its Colors and Influence.

After the student has applied the simple but fundamental conditions for obtaining clairvoyant sight, that is, after he has succeeded by aspiration and concentration to function on the supernormal plane of seeing, the first phenomenon which appears to his vision is a steam like atmosphere rolling up from the darkness all about him in undulating waves of gray, misty light called the aura, because like air. This aura is always in a state of motion and sometimes surges about the soul like swift moving clouds. When indeed it seems pacific it is really actively radiating colors of exquisite and luminous variety, from red to indigo and from pink or light blue to a golden yellow or purple. This aura is the diaphanous penumbra of the soul, in which it lives as a fish in the sea or a bird in the air. The soul is neither fish, fowl nor flesh, but a spirit. The aura is egg shape and emanates an effluence which becomes a pleasant or unpleasant influence. A person's characteristics are indicated on the aura. Indeed it contains in solution the vito-nervous elements of the body, and it no doubt furnishes the particles from which the spirit's etheric body is compounded at the change called death. Sometimes like the aurora borealis it is overflowing with electrical energies and shoots out flashes of interior splendor or shadows of deep involving gloom. Then it is that the face of the soul appears in apparitional outline, either in wreaths of smiles or wrinkles of agony. For the soul can no more conceal its character from the aura than the sun his light from the atmosphere. In fact color is in a sense the soul's temperament, and the aura lends itself pictorially to what the soul likes or dislikes. Its behavior, too, has traditionally been associated with the aura, a demon emanating a red fire-like effluence, while an angel glorifying space with a light which never was on land or sea. "With trailing clouds of glory do we come," said the poet Wordsworth "from God," and these shining clouds invest us with unsullied beauty, until we change them into storm centers or mercurial atoms which reflect the infinite changes of the restless life. The sea was called *mer* in the Latin from which the name Mary is derived, and she, robed in the royal purple of her native element becomes a type of that aural atmosphere which it is said the sun distilled in the ocean. The ocean, wrote Pythagoras is the tear of God. It is not strange that as land could not exist without water, so life depends upon the aura from which it evolves its forms and by which it embodies its seed.

All colors have a vital relation to the aura, for it is by the aura that color defines a spiritual quality. The color spectrum is a trine of red, yellow and blue, which is differentiated into a quaternary of four complements. These seven colors in their mixtures or tinctures describe the variety of thoughts, feelings and activity of the person, each color producing an effect or influence on the psycho-nervous system, making the law of attraction and repulsion more than a physical force. This will be considered in the next lesson.

Briefs.

By William E. Towne.

* * * One warm Sunday afternoon I took an after dinner nap. To shut out noises I closed the door of the sitting room and stretched out on the couch. When I awoke, an hour or two later, the room was close and hot, although the windows were wide open, and I was covered with perspiration and felt sticky and uncomfortable generally. Besides this I had been restless in sleep. I opened the door into the hall, and from the open door of the room opposite a fresh breeze swept through. In a few minutes it was as cool and comfortable as one could wish. The change came about from the *circulation* of the air. When the door was closed the air remained stagnant. There was plenty of fresh air outside to take its place, but it *couldn't get in*, it couldn't *circulate*.

* * * It occurred to me then and there that what is true of air is also true of the universal life forces. We live in an ocean of vibration. All about us the forces of life are flowing. When we meet another person an exchange is effected. When we go out into the world and rub up against people we are strengthened. The life forces are equalized. One gives and receives in return that which another has to give. But if you try to hold on to what life you have as a miser hoards his gold, if you indulge in selfish practices and seek to keep from giving and shut yourself apart from others, then life becomes stagnant and your powers atrophy. Life means motion, activity, mingling with the great ocean of life all about you. You cannot shut yourself away from the rest of the universe long at a time and keep healthy and happy.

* * * It may not be necessary to mix up with people at all times, but the mental attitude of good will is essential. If you rebel at your lot and are filled with resentment against men or things you are mentally shutting yourself away from the flow of the universal life forces and are in a fair way to become stagnant and out of harmony. You cannot shut yourself away in one little corner of the universe, surrounded by a wall of selfishness and expect to feel well and happy. We are all parts of one great whole, we are related to each other and must recognize that relationship.

* * * We do not learn very much from the easy experiences of life. For one reason they do not stir us to action. But the good hard knocks call out the real strength from within and develop character as nothing else will.

* * * Most women really like to be dominated by a big brute of a husband, although they may not know it and quite possibly would resent being told so. They think they have a hard time of it, but they would really be much more unhappy if single, in spite of the colored lady's statement that a single life for women is the happiest "after you once quit strugglin'."

* * * Marriage is really the great developer of character for both men and women. The desire to please some woman will put more polish on a man in ten days than he would get in ten years in the ordinary course of events. True it may not all stick after marriage, but some of it is pretty sure to, especially if his wife manages him well.

* * * Marriage should really be a school of development from which there are no graduates, and it would be if we were not so often more intent upon having our own way than upon discovering truth. In the closeness of the marriage relation it is possible to arrive at another's point of view more truly than would ever be possible in the ordinary

relations of life. By the use of wisdom and self-control a common meeting point may be found, even where extreme difference of opinion exists, and each will become wiser and stronger for the experience.

* * * Narrowness of view, rigidity of opinion, bigotry, tend to shorten life. The unmarried person is most apt to become narrow and build about himself the mental walls which keep out life. Statistics show that married people as a class live longer than those who are single.

* * * It seems as if there was never before such good courage displayed during a financial depression. Everywhere there is a determination to look for the best and a steady expectation of improvement, as well as a refusal to be "downed." Prosperity clubs are seeking to cultivate a successful attitude of mind over the part of their members. I read of one advertising agency employing many men, whose policy when the panic came was worth considering. When advertisers began to get scared and the business ceased to come in, this agency set their ad writers at work preparing the best and strongest copy they could produce for their clients, just as if business were booming, and they were carrying out actual orders. Everyone was busy and worked full time and assumed the mental attitude of expecting business. As a result they soon recovered themselves, their clients came back one by one and found a fine lot of copy for ads right hot from the bat awaiting and the agency was out of the woods before their competitors had time to really catch their breaths.

* * * There is little doubt that overproduction is particularly responsible for the slowness of returning prosperity. Sooner or later some readjustment of production and distribution will be forced upon us. Already the shrewd political leaders are casting cursory and inquiring squints along socialistic lines, trying to decide just how much of the doctrine they may be forced to accept in the near future. This social readjustment ought to come peacefully and without serious friction or hardship. Probably we shall hardly be able to distinguish its beginning. Those who look always and steadfastly for the best and who seek for the real lessons of life will help to make easy the change when it comes.

Netop Notes.



By William E. Towne.

Our bird families were more plentiful this year than usual. Perhaps we were more active in looking them up. At any rate, we have been watching them with a great deal of breathless interest at times.

You see, there are great climaxes in the lives of these families, and as the drama unrolls from day to day it is far more amusing, once you become interested in watching it, than any stage production.

First, there was the robin family, which we discerned in the cherry tree, right on a level with our dining room windows. (This was at home.) There were four babies in the family, already well-grown when we first noticed the nest. Mrs. Robin was busy, apparently, during all her waking hours, carrying cherries, worms and similar delectable dainties, and poking them down the throats of the babies. They were never left alone more than a few minutes at a time, that we could discover, and their appetites never faltered for their mouths were wide stretched at the first rustle of leaves about their nest.

A day or two after our discovery of the nest we noticed one of the young members of the family sitting disconsolately on a limb some distance below the nest. He had the air of a reckless, somewhat defiant and considerably unhappy bad boy who wished he hadn't. His head was rather drooping, yet his bill

was cocked at a most independent angle. Every few minutes he rose carefully on his toes and stretched one wing, then the other, much as an athlete might examine his biceps. Then he would hitch a few inches farther up or down the limb. Whenever his mother flew over his head to the nest, he gave a hopeful little squawk, but apparently he was being punished for disobedience. When we thought he was about faint enough to fall off the limb (fully ten minutes having elapsed, we were sure, since he had been fed) Mrs. Robin alighted by his side and carefully deposited a cherry well down the baby's throat. He stuck his head straight up in the air, stretched his neck to its utmost capacity and gulped ecstatically two or three times, then opened his mouth and the process was repeated.

I decided it would be just the proper caper to take a photograph of the nest. The sun would be right for this purpose about noon the next day. So I hopefully ordered plates for my camera and made all necessary preparations.

About nine o'clock the next morning I carefully investigated the nest from the dining room windows, and lo! It was empty! The family had "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away."

Later in the day I went out on the lawn and found our friend who stood on the limb the previous day, (or his brother) sitting close up to the house. He eyed me in a dispassionate, somewhat critical manner, but didn't seem to think I was worth moving for. I advised him that his tail was too short for a grown-up robin's and that there were wicked pussy cats who delighted to lie in wait for tender chaps like him. But he was impervious alike to ridicule and good advice. So I approached carefully, put my hat over him, reached under it and clasped him closely in my hand. He awoke to the exigencies of the occasion and shrieked for mamma, flapping his wings vigorously. But I carried him into the house, a meek, inglorious captive, where he gazed at the girls in the same indifferent and somewhat bored manner.

After I had taken him outside and was considering where would be a safe place to free him, (I did not suppose he could fly), he settled the matter by flying away suddenly, with perfectly appalling vigor. Straight across the street he sailed for a distance of eight or ten rods, with all the reckless abandon of the grown-up birds, then his wings grew tired and down he flopped with a thud, almost on the sidewalk. And I have not seen him since, but he is surely safe from cats.

* * * * *

Then there was the whippoorwill family at Netop, which I mentioned in these notes last month.

On a bright afternoon we visited the jungle on the hillside where the timid Mrs. Whippoorwill was patiently sitting on the two brown-speckled eggs and found the eggs gone and in their place two yellow downy chicks. They were not yet old enough to have much fear of us, and calmly closed their eyes and went to sleep while we were visiting them.

But the mother bird—how she did worry on our first visit. She flew away for a short distance and begged us by every means in her power to go away. She flapped her wings convulsively, every once in a while crying *whit* and starting straight into the air with each cry as if she *must* do *something* about it. We soon left them and the next day carried back some food such as we thought might please the whippoorwill fancy. It all disappeared, but whether by the aid of the chipmunk volunteers or the birds themselves we do not know.

Everytime we went back to the hillside jungle the mother had moved her family up the hillside deeper into the woods. It was not long before one of the chicks, who seemed less vital than the other, was missing. We do not know anything of the details of his disappearance. Possibly the family movings were partially responsible for it.

Upon the occasion of our last visit to the hillside jungle we thought the whippoorwills had removed beyond our reach, for we could not locate them for sometime. We circled wider and wider about the place where they were last seen, and at last the mother bird revealed her hidding place by darting away from the chick. She seemed a trifle less anxious than at first, and the baby bird had become so vigorous that he could run and hide on his own account.

I would have been glad to take his picture for the benefit of the friends who read this department of *Nautilus*, but for the second time fate seemed to will otherwise, for I found the film which I had specially ordered from Ball's drug store that morning for my camera, having this occasion in mind, would not fit, and I was six or seven miles from the base of supplies.

The mother whippoorwill flew ahead each time when we were ready to leave and escorted

us down to the highway. Apparently she was under the impression that she was tolling us away from the chick.

* * * * *

I made a very hurried acquaintance last Sunday morning at Netop with a family of partridges (ruffled grouse). I first saw the old bird standing by the roadside up beyond the spring towards the mountain. Her head was away up in the air and she was trying to decide whether I had seen her or not. I began to approach slowly and cautiously and she suddenly ducked her head close to the ground and ran across the road like a woman caught in the rain without an umbrella. The fact that she did not fly was an indication that she had a family near. As I approached the place where she had disappeared into the thick bushes by the roadside I heard a worried *quit, quit, quit,* and then suddenly from the other side of the road there flew in all directions a brood of young partridges who were somewhat the size of robins. The youngsters set up frightened little cries, and from a distance up the road an old bird ran bravely out, with neck feathers ruffled, to see what the trouble was. Then the mother and babies held an animated conversation in low, quick tones and I was obliged to leave them at a most interesting point in order to get the next car home.

* * * * *

Our sweet corn at Netop is waist high, and our peas ditto. No woodchucks in sight, although something *did* eat all the leaves off some golden dawn plants which we had outside the garden. And the last night we stayed at Netop I was awakened about midnight by some animal tramping about in the dead leaves and holding a low-voiced conversation with himself or mate. He soon went away and I could not tell from his voice to what species he belonged. Possibly a hedgehog or skunk.

The drouth we are now enjoying has made necessary frequent demands upon our rain barrel irrigating plant, and some of the garden sass is beginning to slacken its growing pace a little.

* * * * *

This month we have had a few bunches of the beautiful pink and white mountain laurel. Only a few of the bushes bloomed this year. There are perfect masses of the plants all about us, but last year and this seem to be off years for blooms. Just now there are quantities of wild roses about Netop. The white daisy, hardy *habitant* of the roadside, is evident in great quantities up and down the railway line. Forget-me-nots were plentiful, and ragged robins planting is everywhere. Partridge berry vines are in bloom, and their tiny, wax-like flowers (somewhat like arbutus), give off a strong, sweet odor which can be detected as soon as you enter the woods.

* * * * *

Postscript by Elizabeth:—You should have seen that mother whippoorwill when we found her babies! She flew off about fifteen feet from the nest, flopped on the ground, and pretended to be hurt. As I approached she flopped ahead, whirring and to-whitting in the most injured fashion. The moment I turned back toward the babies she flew *straight* toward the nest,—which was no nest at all,—as close as she dared.

She certainly tried to toll us away from her babies, tried it many times. William declares she didn't know what she was doing!—that only partridges are smart enough to pretend injury to toll away the enemy, and that Teddy 'll get me for a nature fakir if I don't watch out. But I don't care!—she *did* do it, she did! So there. She repeated the performance every time we went there, and kept it up as long as we would notice or follow her. The last time I went she showed much less fear, and would sit on a limb and to-whit mournfully in answer to my soft baby talk of reassurance. And every convulsive little to-whit seemed to come clear from her toes, and nearly shake her off her perch. William says whippoorwills have funny feet and can't perch like other birds, but sit crouched on broad limbs like young chickens.

The night after our first visit to the whippoorwill her mate came and sang on a tree not ten feet from our door. "Do you suppose he is warning us what will happen if we don't let his babies alone?" queried William. And he calls *me* a nature fakir!

William sees more birds! Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Partridge and half a dozen little baby partridges crossed his path and scurried into the brush.

You should see William's garden. It is the nicest he has had yet, and he never lets a weed show its head. His corn is twice as tall as any other we have seen and we shall have peas a week before the Fourth. Gardening is lots of fun for both of us—for I like mine by proxy!—ELIZABETH.

Words are the only things God never hears in a prayer.
—Purinton.

Advanced Thought Work and Workers in Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley, California.

By W. J. Colville.

The three cities across the bay, often regarded as suburbs of San Francisco—though in reality three large and enterprising centers of richly varied activities, each with distinctive individual characteristics—may well be regarded as active seats of progressive thought in all directions. Since April, 1906, these three cities have been more closely affiliated than ever before, and their spiritual and intellectual growth has steadily kept pace with their rapid material development. Oakland has now a population of fully 250,000 and is naturally regarded as headquarters for everything by the traveler just arrived from anywhere, as it is the terminus of all great overland railways.

As a center of liberal thought, Maple Hall, Fourteenth and Webster streets, takes first place. The building is beautiful in architecture and equipment and in the very heart of the city, equally accessible to the business and residential districts. Mrs. Helen E. Close and Mrs. Ida B. Elliott, graduates of Denver College of Divine Science, are in charge of the Rest, reading room and metaphysical library in that edifice, which is the home of many and diverse educational activities. The dedication service took place February 18, 1908, when Mrs. Josephine Wilson, Mrs. Wiggin, Miss Harriet Rix and other well-known workers all participated. Since then the interest has been steadily increasing, so much so that not a day passes without some important meeting. Dr. Coulson Turnbull is a frequent lecturer at this center and the platform is occupied at intervals by distinguished orators and teachers from all parts of the world. Mrs. Close and Mrs. Elliott do a great deal of good work in individual training in addition to their constant activities of a public character. Regular meetings are held on Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Health class, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 a. m. Lessons on life and dominion, Mondays and Thursdays, 8 p. m. Class in Bible study, Fridays, 4 p. m.

Unity meetings of truth students are held on the third Tuesday of each month at 8 p. m. One of the most important features of this center is the opportunity it affords to busy people when in the shopping district to enjoy a restful and literary respite from strenuous, material occupation. Berkeley, the seat of the famous University of California, is deeply indebted to Mrs. Sarah J. Watkins for providing an important center adjoining her beautiful residence, 2513 Bancroft Way. Mrs. Watkins has studied deeply the science of being, as formulated and expounded by Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld, and this system of teaching forcibly appeals to a large number of highly intellectual seekers after the largest discoverable modicum of truth. Mrs. Watkins conducts services on Sundays at 11 a. m., open to everybody, in the beautiful hall which is dedicated exclusively to educational and healing ministry. She also conducts classes continually and gives innumerable treatments. Not only does this active and energetic lady keep her home center going, but does another large work in Palo Alto, the seat of the Leland Stanford University, where she and her teaching meet with the same cordial reception as in Berkeley.

The Theosophical Society has a strong branch in Oakland at Hamilton Hall, Thirteenth and Jefferson streets, where a fine library has been established for many years. Visitors are invited daily from 2 till 4 p. m., and are always most cordially welcomed.

Public lectures are always given on Sundays at 8 p. m., and frequently at other times. Dr. Mary Plumb, Mrs. Walsh and many other highly-gifted women, assisted by a number of equally talented and whole-hearted men, keep the banner of Theosophy proudly waving at that center. In Berkeley, under the presidency of Mr. Irving Cooper, a very able organizer and effective speaker, a branch has been organized at 2304 Fulton street, close to Bancroft Way. Public lectures are frequently given. In Masonic Temple in the same vicinity, the Society for Psychical Research meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m., and attracts much interest.

Spiritualist societies are numerous in Oakland and all attract large audiences to the various halls in which they assemble. Among the most prominent is the Woodman's Hall Society, Twelfth street, of which Mrs. Cowell, a noted psychic, is the able president and resident lecturer.

Alameda, a beautiful city largely composed of charming homes, possesses in the Home of Truth, Grand street and Alameda avenue, a truly ideal center for constant spiritual activities. This beautiful building is owned by the

mother of Miss Harriet Rix, who is the guiding spirit of the institution. Mrs. Wiggin and Mrs. Lewis, with Miss Rix, form an illustrious trio of devoted women who are absolutely tireless in their incessant devotion to the good work to which their useful lives are fully consecrated. The Home is always open. Patients are received daily for healing from 11 a. m. till 4 p. m. Sunday services are at 9.30 a. m. for children and at 11 a. m. for adults regularly. Lectures at 7.45 p. m. Public lessons on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, at 10 a. m. Healing meeting Fridays, 8 p. m. Classes organized monthly. The chapel is fitted up with 200 stationary opera chairs and a fine organ. A reading room is connected. This is a most restful and attractive temple, which dispenses the bread of life freely to all who will partake of it. As in the Homes of Truth elsewhere, the system of voluntary love offerings for all services rendered is carried out so unobtrusively and so successfully that there is never any financial pressure and never any demand other than the spiritual prompting which obeys the wise precept, "Freely ye have received, freely give."



Home of Truth, at Alameda, California.

Alameda is the present home of Dr. Coulson Turnbull, editor and publisher of a rapidly growing magazine, "The Lightbearer," published at Koebele House, 1226 Regent street. At this charming retreat, which stands well back from the road at the end of a long German garden, Dr. Turnbull gives constant instruction in the mystic sciences and Hebraic literature. A Summer School of Philosophy is in prospect at Glen Elyn in the northern part of California, where Dr. Turnbull and other teachers expect to give instruction during July and August.

Yet another active center of work is Parrot Hall, 2309 Santa Clara avenue, opened in 1905 by Charles Wheelock, and known as Co-operative Truth Center. At present, Miss H. M. Young is in attendance there daily to supply literature and answer inquiries. This is a truly eclectic meeting place where many shades of thought are presented. The hall is well furnished and has a good organ. Dr. Turnbull, W. J. Colville and a great many visiting speakers occupy the platform from time to time, while the vestry is the scene of many pleasant social gatherings.

Mental scientists, theosophists, spiritualists and others often occupy Parrot Hall, which serves a good purpose in helping people to get better acquainted with each other and compare notes on many points of philosophy.

A very great feature of interest in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda is the readiness with which the public reads and studies progressive literature. The fine public libraries in these three cities are finely equipped with liberal books and periodicals and the whole community is influenced by the thought expressed in this useful manner. Christian Scientists are well represented, but, as everywhere else, they keep entirely to their special line of ministration. "The Nautilus" is a great favorite in this vicinity and is eagerly read from month to month by many new inquirers constantly being added to its numerous list of longtime friends.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen someone find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We are publishing herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matter of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of any number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters. —EDITORS.

Success Letter No. 131.

By love I have accomplished what I could not persuade or engage anyone else to do. I have cared for my dear old invalid mother alone for three months, night and day.

At the beginning of her affliction I had just $2.09 and out of this I spent $2.00 for wood. Without going into details, I cared for her night and day with the power of love until she was called by love, away.

Love furnished me the necessary mental, physical, material and spiritual gifts to carry out this work of love without getting in debt.—HOMER DARLING TRASK, Keene, N. H.

Success Letter No. 132.

"Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you!" It is *not* "new" thought and it *is*. It was given to the world nearly two thousand years ago, but it has taken the world all these years to get ready to begin to apprehend it sufficiently to attempt a trial of it. The *world*, I say, the rank and file of us, not the few great souls who were so closely linked to the source of their being that truth came to them without the need of an interpreter. "Blessed is he that hungers and thirsts after righteousness—rightness—for *he shall be filled*." And with the filling comes the "peace that passeth understanding." And when you have found the desire of your soul, and are filled with rightness—a desire for the right, and have attained an eye single for truth and beauty—not seeing double (evil where no evil exists) and have found the peace, what has the world to offer you in exchange for all this? It is the quintessence of new thought.

The secret of it all is desire, and back of desire is feeling, and guiding and controlling all feeling is thought, and ruling thought is will.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report, *think* on these things." For as we think, so we are, and as we are, so shall we receive and so shall we bear fruit. It is all *as we will*.

Trite and commonplace? Yes, if we perceive only the letter. We have heard it all so many times, without any meaning, but interiorly perceived it is life unto life.

Let us never cease to knock until the door has been opened, and then indeed we shall *know*. And with the "knowing" cometh all things.—LORENA PEPPARD, Akron, Ohio.

Success Letter No. 133.

My ideals I set anew each day,
All in a row,—a brave array;
And though Fate knocks them down so fast,
The welcome night descends at last.
I cherish one that's withstood the strife,
And stands a victor in the battle of life.
And consoling hope, sincere and deep,
Steals o'er my soul as I fall asleep.
For today's ideal I shall have to borrow
To start afresh my life tomorrow.

—K. MAUD CLUM.

Success Letter No. 134.

Could we but keep victories in mind, which we undoubtedly can by mental discipline, great good would result. Mental courage would be developed and whole-hearted action would rouse us from the apathy of the times. Combine past victories with future hopes and earnestly strive in the now, and we are almost impregnable. In character building, which is life's purpose, too much emphasis cannot be placed upon courageous initiative, for, "Well begun is half done."

Let initiative act be justified,
For life is habit stratified.

And this stratification is the bedrock of character, by which we build "more stately man-

sions, oh, my soul!"—K. MAUD CLUM, Highwood, Minn.

Success Letter No. 135.

Secret of success—I have lived and worked against heavy odds; money scarce, husband unkind. I will tell you what I have done. Have two girls and two boys. I gave them plenty of love, told them all my affairs, every little thing, helped them in their studies, trusted them in everything. That, I think, helps a child more than anything else.

Never locked a money drawer and I never lost a cent. They will do anything for me now. All married but one, and doing well, and a credit. I never had one hour's worry. I trusted them. *That is the secret of success.* Have four grandchildren. They will do the same. Am over sixty.—MRS. E. W. ADAMSON, Roberts, Ill.

Success Letter No. 136.

To be successful, healthy and happy "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Say nothing before any one that would offend them or hurt their feelings, and nothing in their absence you would not say in their presence.

Use the word "don't" as little as possible, especially in speaking to children.

Always speak kindly or else be silent. Try to not think of others what you would not say to them. Ignore all evil and look for good in all persons and things. Follow out these suggestions faithfully and you will be surprised at the rapid and continued change for the better in yourself and environment.—MARY E. WHITE.

Two prizes to be awarded this month. First there is the $5.00 prize which was offered for the best letter published in the six months ending with July. In examining the prize letters for the past six months we found them all so *very* good that it was hard to decide which was best. However, we have decided that *Brownie, of Detroit, Mich.*, the prize winner in our June number, is entitled to the $5.00 prize. Will she please forward her name and address so that we can send check? Her letter is full of sound sense, and what surprised me a little, it was very popular among the girls in the office, and was favored with twice as many votes as any of the other letters in our June number.

The two yearly subscriptions for the best letter in our July number go to *California*, author of letter No. 126. Please send us instructions regarding the subscriptions.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.

Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will *you* join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought *only;* no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness,*

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

* * *

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

Ye are not bound! the Soul
of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is
Celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will:
that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.
—Light of Asia.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all! ELIZABETH TOWNE.

S. E.—The condition of one's general health is usually responsible for weak eyes. To one who studies much, a certain amount of regular daily exercise in the open air will prove an antidote to weak eyes. Put your face in a basin of cold water night and morning and open your eyes while under water so as to give them a thorough soaking. When studying, do not keep your eyes fixed steadily upon your book, but lift them frequently when memorizing. When out of doors, practice observing carefully objects at a distance. Another exercise which helps to rest the eyes and change the focus is to imagine yourself standing upright in front of a great hoop and then roll the eyes in a circle as if trying to follow the hoop. Roll the eyes two or three times to the left and right. Do not overdo this exercise. Use it only when the eyes need a change of focus from long, continued application. You will find that you can learn much more readily as your physical condition improves. Do not work under too much tension as this will prevent your memorizing readily. Anxious attention will often hinder rather than help.

C. M. L.—Oh, I am *sorry*. But there is only one way we *dare* think in such a case—that he died because it was best for him and that we must help him get started right in his new life by doing our best to *let go* of him and to think cheerfully and live bravely. Maybe our loved ones still feel with us even though not unconsciously. So it is wise to do our best and think our best for their sakes if not our own. It may help more than we guess. This may be one way in which they "take the conditions of this life"—through our thoughts and feelings of and for them. I suspect the one who dies *goes on* to better, higher experiences, and that *we* can help them on by right living ourselves. And the fact that we *want* to meet again is pretty good proof that we *shall* meet and know each other—since "Desire is its own prophecy of fulfillment." Let us believe that the Spirit of Life is *Love* that doeth all things well and brings to pass our desires. Peace be unto thee and thine. I don't know just where people go after death, nor do I care very much. I can trust it all to the over-ruling Love that works in us to will and to do—to desire and to fulfill. Your ideas about it are beautiful and may be true—who knows?

M. E.—Certainly hysteria does lead to insanity. It is the weapon with which the weak and selfish person gets his own way, and it is a boomerang. It is never anything else if it happens oftener than once or twice in a lifetime. You do well to realize this and resolve that hysterics shall cease. They are the meanest of weapons, and never fail to hit hardest the one who uses them. They weaken nerves and heart and judgment, and call up fear and contempt and eventually disgust in every beholder. Better far to *spank* hysterics out of a child, no matter how puny she may be, than to let her grow up with the disgusting hysterics habit. But better still to use the sequestration cure and to *never* let the child gain her point through hysterics. If mothers only realized this truth:—Hysterics and tantrums of all kinds ARE THE CAUSE of weakness and unbalance, not the results. Note how a fit of hysterics "takes it out" of you, M. E., and how *mean* and *disgusted* you feel afterward. Is "having your way" worth even one such experience? *Never.* And you don't yet realize the full enormity of the injury you do yourself and others. *The cure for hysterics is to let go your own ways;* to accept *other* people's wishes as *God's will* for you, and to LET His will be done. Go away by yourself three or four times a day and *remember* this. Say to yourself, *"I will* that other people's wills be done." Not I *feel,* but I WILL, *whether I feel it or not.* Make the physical motions of letting go—spread out your hands, palms upward, relax and grow heavy physically; *breathe slowly,* fully, from the bottom of your lungs, holding each breath a second and then exhaling as slowly as you inhaled. Speak *Peace* to your body, mind and soul. Rest awhile. Then go get interested in some good, useful, *physical* work—outdoors, if possible, and for somebody beside yourself if you can find such. Follow this exercise regularly three or four times every day without fail; and in addition go off and repeat it *every* time you are tempted to anger, resentment or hysterics. Your physical health as well as your spiritual and mental poise will improve rapidly with the *use* of this plan. Don't condemn yourself—forgive and "sin no more." Or no more than you can help. *Never mind* the back-slidings—forget them soon as possible and *keep on practicing.* Your work is to break off a bad habit by establishing a new habit *through practice.* Go in to win and stick to it. Success is yours; it is within you *to be worked out.*

CHARLOTTE—In "The Every Day Book" you will find the colors for every month in the year, as well as the jewels, flowers, musical composers, etc., appropriate to each. And if you read the lessons on "Clairvoyance and Auras," by J. C. F. Grumbine, now running in *Nautilus*, you will find the meaning of colors. Also in Miss Fletcher's series in *Nautilus* on "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath," are several chapters on colors and their meanings and effects.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

With a business school established among the graduate departments Harvard will be thoroughly up-to-date. Hitherto it was necessary for the Harvard student desiring a business training to manage the Crimson or one of the teams. Hereafter there will be a two-years' course of solid instruction in business administration, and it is expected in time to turn out real masters of industry.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Renfrew Manufacturing Company, (Adams, Mass.,) did a very commendable thing the past week when it announced that during the half-time, on which its mills are operated, the tenants who occupy the company's houses will only be charged half the regular price of the rent. This will be a big help to many families and is sure to be remembered by the recipients of the benefaction. It is, however, only in line with the general spirit that has always characterized the company.—*Springfield Republican.*

"If you ask, 'What shall I do to be damned?' I answer, look around you and do just as you see others doing. Broad is the way and many are going. This is true in every calling, as well as in life itself. One clerk in ten does what he ought; one pupil in ten meets the requirements; one preacher in ten is worth hearing. Your only salvation is in revolt. Jesus is essentially a revolutionist; he is the eternal rebel. Death, dead creeds, dead beliefs, dead ideas rule the world. If you would live you must come out from among them. The great criminals are not those who revolt, like Jesse James and Captain Kidd, but those who conform, like the recent insurance magnates. 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"—*Dr. Frank Crane to Clark College Seniors.*

Little Visits

A Cosy Corner Department where everybody chats and the Recording Angel puts down what she can find room for.

The Grasshopper's Song:—

There is one remarkable circumstance in all this talk about Helen Wilmans' death, which is that no one seems to recognize that her "world-weariness" is one of the commonest symptoms of the disease called "old age" or "senility." The grasshoppers' song was a burden to the aged many, many years ago. You remember, in that most pathetic little letter which you published she speaks of being "so tired—not only since Charlie went." Some years since Shelton pointed out to her that she was showing signs of age, greatly to her indignation, by the way, although she must have known that if she could not control this lesser inharmony of rheumatism—put to naught as it so often is by all kinds of remedies, from internal applications to pocket pieces of potato or horse chestnut—she certainly could not achieve the supreme victory against the opposing belief of practically the whole world. She should have known, too, that under such circumstances degenerating processes were taking place in her tissues which could have but the one issue. It seems to me that entirely too much stress has been laid upon the evil effect of persecution upon her and hers. I read an article or a letter of hers about two years ago, I think, in which she referred to it as having been good for her as she seemed *to have come to a standstill.* When she had a happy home, devoted and influential friends, plenty of money and the sympathy of a large majority of the public, a persecution which was so sure to prove to her advantage later on, was not likely really to injure her any more than it has injured others who have had to meet it without her powerful defenses. As for the genuinely hateful thought she had set in motion against herself,—poor soul! That is a different story. For her physical self was evidently no longer the fine instrument it had been through which to transmit her will. Please understand that I do not refer to her as "old" with any regard to the actual number of years she had then lived, for I do not know them; and I have loved one dear woman, young and up-to-date, well advanced in her nineties; but solely with regard to that abnormal state so often accompanying a comparatively prolonged earth-life and one which it seems, must be dealt with as "a condition, not a theory," if it is to be conquered.

My husband enjoyed your article upon the South, but says you are all wrong about the field corn. After it gets to be a certain height it can not be "cultivated," and the weeds have to be allowed to grow but do not then hurt it. The sugar corn never grows so high and can be and is kept under careful cultivation throughout. He says, too, you are mixed on

your history. Church and state were firmly, apparently indissolubly wedded at the time of which you write. It would have been treason and heresy to doubt the sacredness of the union. The separation of the buildings was more likely to convey the idea of the place being safely protected by the great powers—two in one—each taking care of its own half and yet united by the great roadway.—A SUBSCRIBER, West View, Pa.

From the South:—

We have read with much interest the account of your trip South, and appreciate all the kind words you say of us. Fifty years ago you would have seen beautiful and well-kept places in the South, and you could see many now if you were to visit those who are able to have them. Remember the Southern gentle folks had not been brought up to work and all of their property was taken from them, many losing their land for taxes and others having to rent to tenants who soon wore it out. The generation who married after the war had to work so hard for a living, that they brought into the world a weaker generation and a more delicate one than the South had ever known. We cannot stand what our mothers had to go through.

The Mary Cary you mention is familiar to me. My mother is descended from her family and my little girl gets her name, Cary, from them. I suppose you know that George Washington was a suitor for her hand, but her father thought he was not good enough for her. She loved him and it is said she fainted once upon seeing him ride by, after her father had married her to one of his selection. Her "King Carter" (called king because he had so sister, Anne Cary, married the grandson of much land, etc.), and she had three distinguished sons, one a governor of Virginia. His brother, my great-grandfather, shipped immense crops of tobacco and wheat, and put the proceeds in the bank and let Governor Nicholas spend it all, instead of saving it for his children. They were left "land poor" by the war. To illustrate what we mean by "land poor": Someone met a man moving his family and he had a calf tied to the wagon. "Where are you going?" "Well, I will tell you," answered the man. "I had 600 acres of land and a man came along and offered me this calf for 300 acres. He could not read, so I put the whole 600 acres off on him. Please do not tell it until I get away for he will come after me and want his calf back."

"Family won't feed you," as I heard a man say and Southerners all have to hustle for their own living now. They are not quite so shiftless as you think.

I was more disappointed in the exposition than you were as I expected more, but I found much more of interest than you did. I was there the second week of August, and found it much better than you described, and it would have taken me ten days to have done it justice before criticising it. I was sorry to see that so few states took part. The Virginia timber and mineral display was grand. The negro exhibit was fine. Did you see that? The exposition should not have been opened until October. Then it would have been a success. Yours truly, MRS. JNO. A. NICOL, Manassas, Va.

Enters a Demurrer:—

Permit me to point to a passage in a much to be commended article in *Nautilus,* called "White Lies and Freedom," February number, which is as follows: "If human will could cause the fire not to burn a friend, that would be a lie, and the great law of truth would have failed."

Not so, Will Force is above the physical, and when you will to change a course of nature you work in the metaphysical and demonstrate a truth, the power of mind over matter. Magic is man's rightful plane. Untruth blinds him to his birthright. The power to change a man from his degree of disability is given Evangelists who fail to grasp the high purpose of life and live in the plane of petition, strangers to the "I am," failing to comprehend the word and the life of the man they represent. When we reach the power plane we come into might of being and live in the power of the Christ who said, "The things that I do, ye can do also." So we can and do when we live in the Spiritual Will.—MRS. M. M. J. RICHARDSON, New Orleans, La.

Telepathy in Politics:—

A few days ago I wrote you about the wonderful new thought play (Witching Hour) which has been running here all winter and creating so much interest. The letter was not mailed, and now comes *Nautilus* saying you have been here and seen it for yourselves. I am so glad.

It would be interesting to discover and follow out the various effects that play is creating in the lives of many people.

The enclosed clipping is surely one result. I send it to you for I am sure it will interest you. I must say it gave me quite a shock. I was not prepared for such practical demonstration on such a large scale, in such a quarter. Surely the leaven is working—and crops out in the most unexpected places. I am so glad that thought is not a marketable article. No one can get a corner on it, at least not yet, and if they ever do develop to such a point where it is possible, I'll do like Jerome says about the weather—make my own and keep them to myself. Here is the item:

"With more than two thousand high school girls using mental telepathy to force the issue the Board of Estimates yesterday approved an appropriation of $600,000 to build a new high school, to be called the Washington Irving High School. Sometime ago the land was purchased and all that remained was the money for the building. Petitions signed by every pupil in the school and several thousand others were sent to the Board. At half-past ten o'clock, when the Board considered the matter yesterday, all class duties were laid aside in the present school and every pupil was asked to think hard and urge on the Board affirmative action. 'Approve the money and give us a new school,' was said mentally by the entire school, and the mental process apparently had

its effect, as the Board passed the appropriation. The new building will be erected in Irving place, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets."

Do keep us posted about Netop. I am so interested in the garden. Am so glad you and some others can have such good things if I can't. But I am going to leave home to get some for myself,—you shan't have them all.

Best wishes and unending success to *The Nautilus*, Netop and the Townes.—E. DUNTON, New York.

A Miner's Experience:—

In the nineties I went from the coast of Peru to the mouth of the Amazon. It was the beginning of the rainy season when I reached the head creeks of Rio Pachitea. The night I refer to I had to change at midnight our camp from the highest point of the beach to the only high knob above the rapidly rising water. We found this place of safety only after a weary hunt. It was gray yet, when the servants roused me from sleep under a shelter of palm leaves, calling that the river will overflow the hill. They were holding already the sides of the blankets (which covered me) to prevent them from getting wet. Our float, which was well constructed of beams of a very light wood, was a long distance out in the yellow-brown waters of the raging river, and if the rope would snap, or the float be drawn under the water, we had to perish of hunger in the tree tops. I told them to swim out at once and get the float. But they were afraid of death. I had fever, an intensely burning skin from the rays of the sun, and was lame from the exertions of the day before, guiding the float through the torrents and falls of the wild mountain stream, while the servants worked their way along the underbrush and rocks on the right bank. It was either to get the float or die of hunger, for there was still a two-weeks' trip on the float, day and night, in almost constant rain, till the first settlement on the Ucayali river would be reached. I was so faint and sore that I almost fell into the disagreeable, cold, muddy water. But I swam ahead and it seemed as if my body followed me through the seething current. To dive and to loosen the cable from the tree under the water was the work of an instant. Pushing the float toward the servants through the trees, I remembered to my surprise that I did it without heed of the body. And my astonishment of it, the delicious feeling that I am a thing separate of the body, that I can not die, the new knowledge that I can surmount all difficulties with ease, was so great that I burst out singing, much to the amazement of the crestfallen, crying servants.—ADALBERT ROLAND SPRINGER, Sto. Domingo Mines, Etzatlan, Jalisco, Mexico.

We blame men only as we will not listen—we blame God only as we do not act.

—Purinton.

A Food Drink

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look —'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, and I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A man's religion may be known by the prayer in his eyes when he looks at a woman.

—Purinton.

Health and Income

Both Kept Up on Scientific Food.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts which I did, making this food a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**Your statement of my account at hand. Excuse me a minute till I look over my account and see what I have got for $1.40. Yes, I see, now. I am a carpenter by trade and was getting $1.75 per day when I took up new thought and now I get $3.50 per day and I have been at this for about two years or 600 days.. Six hundred days at $1.75 a day would be $1,030.00. I have quit being sick; money not taken into consideration. I do not have the blues any more. This alone is worth $5.00 per week. Have learned to heal the sick to some extent. Would not part with this one thing for any amount of money. I enclose you $2.40 as you request to pay for the Nautilus to September, 1908.*—J. F. Bolton, Burleson, Tex.



When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music. The notices are written by the editors and A. W. Rideout.

—"Modernized Chiropractic" is the name of two big volumes, of 350 pages each, by Oakley G. Smith, Solon M. Langworthy and Minora C. Paxson, "presenting for the first time a correct philosophy, a well-developed technique, a dependable system of diagnosis, a reliable and extensive system of correction," and a brief history of this latest gospel of healing by relieving pressure on the nerves. The two volumes are printed in large, plain type, on elegant paper, and are profusely illustrated with specially prepared and very fine engravings, showing plainly all the different positions or "contacts" used by chiropractors in reducing dislocations of the spine. So plain are the pictures and the instructions that it would seem as if any average student might, by careful study, master the art of chiropractic and deserve his diploma. Chiropractic is something like osteopathy, only different. *Very* different!—say the chiropractors. Not so much in theory as in practice. The distinctive feature of chiropractic is "the thrust," a peculiar movement by which dislocations of the spine are reduced to free the pinched nerves to normal action. To total or partial dislocation of the articulating surfaces of vertebrae, and the consequent pinching of nerves, the chiropractor traces every disease known to man. Tell him your symptoms and he will put his finger on the disturbed vertebra. Give him leave and he will "thrust" the bone into place, and repeat the performance at intervals until the bone stays there and you are well. The "foundation of chiropractic" is traced to an old Bohemian who was sixty-three years ago cured of blood poisoning by this "thrust." The proof of the chiropractic pudding is in the usual spot—they cure diseases. These two volumes are bound in red buckram, black and gold, and sell for $10.00 for the two. They are the result of work at the American School of Chiropractic, and may be had of Dr. S. M. Langworthy himself, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Every up-to-date doctor of any school can profit by this splendid work. And I don't see why *any* family can't, by the use of this method, do its own curing! Of course, it doesn't take the place of new thought, but it might help.

—Do you want a nice new thought emblem pin to wear, or to present to a friend? I am wearing a pretty and appropriate one presented to me by the "pin committee" of the Boston Metaphysical Club, and I have just

(Continued on Page 52.)

Real Power is Soul Power

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How to Direct The Subconscious to Correct the Flaws, Defects and Imperfections in Your Nature.

How to Direct The Subconscious to Eliminate Disease, Bad Habits and Adverse Physical or Mental Conditions.

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Here she tells us, in her own language, how she was a neighborhood "celebrity" at eight; how she always shone at school on composition day; how she reveled in the **New York Ledger,** then at the zenith of its fame, and the **New York Mercury,** another story paper; how she was carried to the seventh heaven of delight when the first real live editor she ever saw took her upon his knee and said, "Why, you look as delicate as a city girl!" To the little nine-year-old prairie girl this was a great compliment.

She tells us how, when the **New York Mercury** ceased its weekly visits, she determined to earn a subscription by her pen. She sent two essays which were accepted, and the paper sent to her.

And, oh, yes! She had a wooer while only about 13 years of age! "A young man possessed of a mustache, a tenor voice and no visible means of support."

But I cannot begin to tell you one-half the interesting features of the life story of this famous woman. You must get the book for yourself.

There is a description of Mrs. Wilcox's beautiful summer home, by Ella Giles Ruddy, at the close of the book.

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(Continued from Page 50.)

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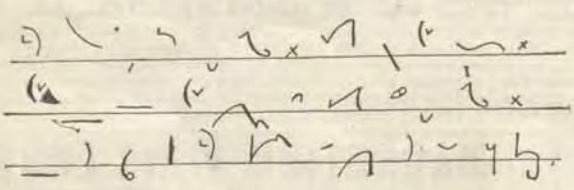
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Do We Have Colds, Catarrh, Influenza, Etc.?

Because we neglect to keep our nasal passages in a clean, hygienic condition. We are continually breathing dust, dirt and bacteria, which cause colds, catarrh, hay fever, etc.

The only way to cure catarrh, etc., is to keep the nasal passages in a clean, healthful condition. When this is done, Nature will do the rest.

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By its use catarrh, colds, hay fever, etc., can positively be cured. It is as essential to cleanse our nasal passages as it is our face or hands. Write for descriptive circulars. If your druggist does not handle it, sample by mail 50c.

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HEALTH-CULTURE is edited by Dr. W. R. C. Latson, a well known authority, and one of the brightest and most advanced writers of the day on the **Art of Living.** It is opposed to the use of drugs which never cure, vaccination and needless operations.

HEALTH-CULTURE stands for higher ideals of life and better living and all that is implied by this. Its aim will be to make men and women better Physically, Mentally and Morally, to save the lives of children, adding to the length of life and to the value of human existence by increasing the ability to accomplish and enjoy. One of Life's Essentials is the proper use of food, what to eat to meet the various conditions of life, what is best for the growing child, the active adult and the more sedentary aged. The consideration of this is an important feature of **HEALTH-CULTURE,** but as it cannot be considered fully, a work on this subject has been issued which admirably supplements the magazine.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

The Food Question from the standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. Containing Numerous Tables, showing the Constituent Elements of all Food Products and their Relative Cost and Nutritious Values, Time of Digestion, etc., Indicating Best Foods for all Classes and Conditions. By Prof. Alfred Andrews.

How food is digested and nourishes the body and what interferes with this is presented briefly and the work then takes up the food question in a most practical way as is shown from the following greatly condensed form:

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Amount of Food Needed Daily for Different Conditions. Proportion of food elements.
Economy of Food. How to get the best food for the least money. Chart showing pecuniary economy of food.
Eating for Health and Strength. Various points.
List of Foods for easy, middling and hard digestion.
Foods for Various Classes.
Overeating and Feasting.
Summary for proper eating and drinking.
Menus. Number of meals per day. Nutritive ratios.
Foods and Constipation. Diarrhea and biliousness.
Elimination of waste matter and its importance.
Water. Suggestions about pure water.
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Comparative Table of food products and values, showing eight points, viz: Time required for digestion; amount of refuse; amount of water; per cent of heat and energy; of fat; of flesh and bone material; amount of salts and cost of the different articles. The list includes hundreds of the most common articles of food.
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An Economical and Nourishing Diet. For those who want to live economically and be well nourished.
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Table of Mineral "Salts" or Ash. Elements used to supply mineral constituents of the body.
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Nutritive Value of Legumes. Showing composition of peas and beans compared with other foods.
Vegetable Protein and animal protein compared.
Fish as Food, with nutritive value, digestibility, etc.
Milk. Value of whole milk; skim milk; butter milk.
Comparative Value of milk and other foods.
Food Value of Sugar. Digestion of sugar. Sugar as food for muscular work. Sugar as fat former. Practical use of sugar for adults.
Raw and Cooked Foods. Tables showing the difference when raw and cooked. Effects of cooking.
Adulteration. Giving a table of many adulterated foods and drinks with percentage of adulteration.
Bread. White; whole wheat; gluten. Giving the average of 500 analyses of these kinds of breads and flour. Digestibility of bread.
How to Live Well for the Least Money.

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"Received your Lesson II and have been faithful to the half hour of silence. I have gained several pounds in weight and have a good healthy color, and my friends tell me how well I am looking. The natural way of breathing is now second nature with me. I could not and would not go back to the old semi-breathing style for anything. I notice a great improvement in my voice, as I can control the breath so well. Every month shows an improvement in my circumstances."

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"Victor of Life and Silence, I Stand Upon the Heights Triumphant."

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The Message.

I stood in the morning, glad and gay,
Breathing the perfume of the day;
Seeing in each bright gleam of light
All that was fair and just and right,
Feeling the joy of a great content
That all was good in the firmament.

But at dusk the perfume had passed away,
Leaving no trace of that perfect day.
Sombrous clouds hung low overhead,
Peace was lost and joy was dead,
For a doubting that had swept my soul,
Hiding from sight its beautiful goal;
Every promise that dawned so fair
Had faded as mists in noonday glare.

I sought in silence the broken thread
Of Peace that Fear and Doubt had fled;
In silence I sought and the word came clear:—
Toil on! Have Faith! There is naught to fear!
Press ever on till life be spent,
Pause not in doubt nor discontent.
One little thot of uncertainty brings
Armies of doubts with their flapping wings.

Press on, press on, tho' the fight be fierce,
And still have faith thru' the flying years;
Take up the thread where it snapped in twain,—
With steadfast purpose march on again!
Courage, with face turned toward the light,
Cheering the brothers you meet in the fight.

Have faith, have faith, 'tis the gleam that dispels
All mists and clouds and funeral knells;
Come, doubt no more, oh, timid heart,
KNOW that of All Good YOU are a part.

This was the message the silence brought,
This was the calm out of chaos wrought;
And into my consciousness, clear and strong,
Faith shed her glory the whole night long,
To never again cease singing her song.

—Florence Newhouse Fox.